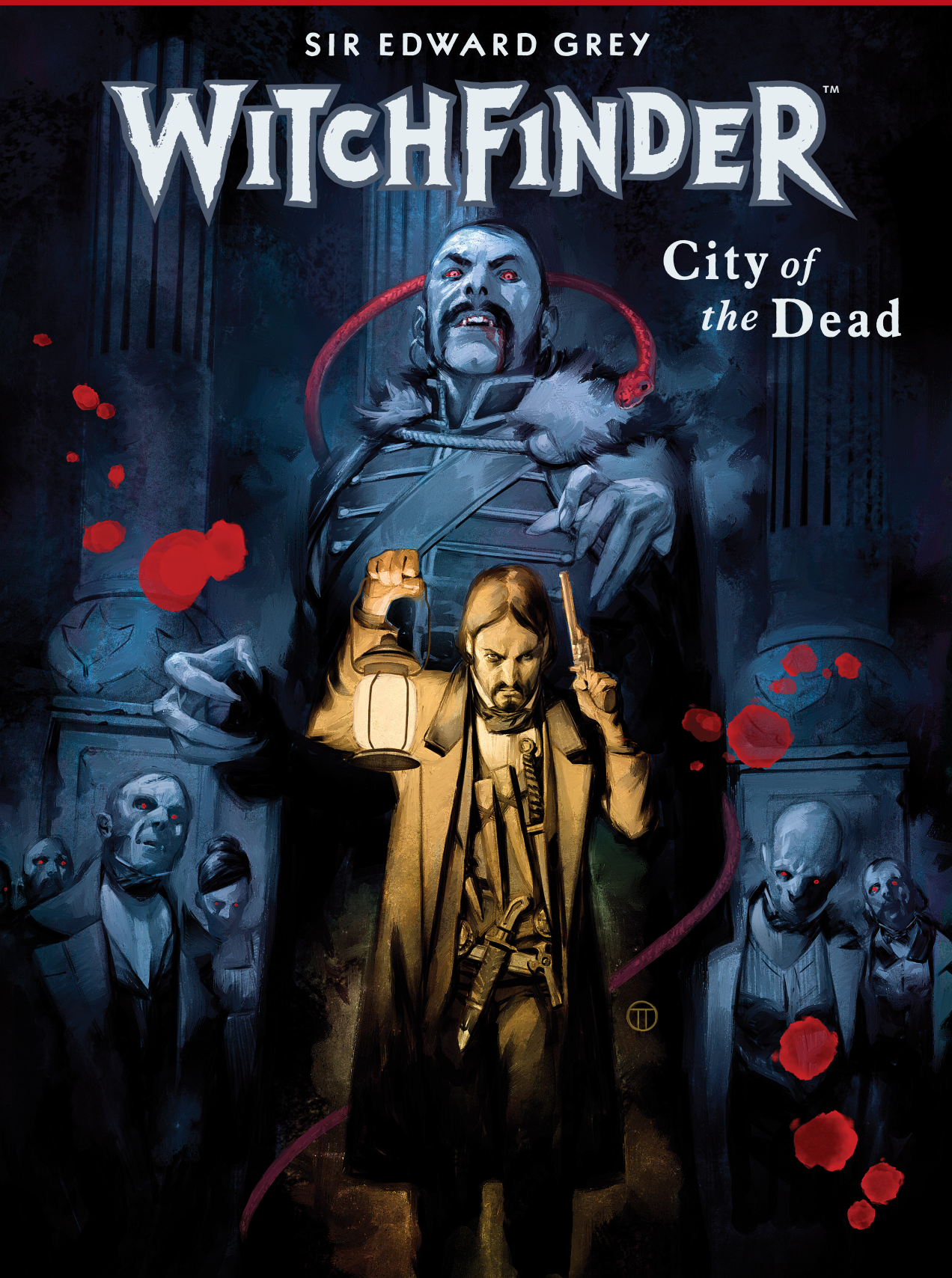
FROM THE PAGES OF HELLBOY

SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

City of the Dead



MIKE MIGNOLA • CHRIS ROBERSON
BEN STENBECK • MICHELLE MADSEN

Sir Edward Grey
WITCHFINDER

CREATED BY MIKE MIGNOLA

WHITECHAPEL
NORTH

SIR EDWARD GREY

WITCHFINDER™

City *of the* Dead

story
MIKE MIGNOLA and CHRIS ROBERSON

art
BEN STENBECK

colors
MICHELLE MADSEN

letters
CLEM ROBINS

cover and chapter break art by
JULIÁN TOTINO TEDESCO

president and publisher MIKE RICHARDSON

editor SCOTT ALLIE

associate editor SHANTEL LAROCQUE

assistant editor KATII O'BRIEN

collection designer RICK DELUCCO

digital art technician CHRISTINA MCKENZIE

DARK HORSE BOOKS

Neil Hankerson *Executive Vice President*
Tom Weddle *Chief Financial Officer*
Randy Stradley *Vice President of Publishing*
Matt Parkinson *Vice President of Marketing*
David Scroggy *Vice President of Product Development*
Dale LaFountain *Vice President of Information Technology*
Cara Niece *Vice President of Production and Scheduling*
Nick McWhorter *Vice President of Media Licensing*
Mark Bernardi *Vice President of Digital and Book Trade Sales*
Ken Lizzi *General Counsel*
Dave Marshall *Editor in Chief*
Davey Estrada *Editorial Director*
Scott Allie *Executive Senior Editor*
Chris Warner *Senior Books Editor*
Cary Grazzini *Director of Specialty Projects*
Lia Ribacchi *Art Director*
Vanessa Todd *Director of Print Purchasing*
Matt Dryer *Director of Digital Art and Prepress*
Sarah Robertson *Director of Product Sales*
Michael Gombos *Director of International Publishing and Licensing*

Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

Advertising Sales: 503-905-2237
International Licensing: 503-905-2377
Comic Shop Locator Service: 888-266-4226

DarkHorse.com
Facebook.com/DarkHorseComics
Twitter.com/DarkHorseComics

First edition: April 2017
Digital ISBN 978-1-63008-509-4

Sir Edward Grey, Witchfinder Volume 4: City of the Dead
WITCHFINDER™ © 2016, 2017 Mike Mignola. Sir Edward Grey and all other prominently featured characters are trademarks of Mike Mignola. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume collects *Witchfinder: City of the Dead* #1–#5.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Mignola, Michael, author. | Roberson, Chris, author. | Stenbeck, Ben, artist. | Madsen, Michelle (Illustrator), colourist. | Robins, Clem, 1955- letterer.
Title: Witchfinder. Volume 4, City of the dead / story by Mike Mignola and Chris Roberson ; art by Ben Stenbeck ; colors by Michelle Madsen ; letters by Clem Robins.
Other titles: City of the dead
Description: First edition. | Milwaukie, OR : Dark Horse Books, 2017. | "This volume collects Witchfinder: City of the Dead #1-#5"
Identifiers: LCCN 2016043702 | ISBN 9781506701660 (paperback)
Subjects: LCSH: Comic books, strips, etc. | BISAC: COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / Horror. | COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / Crime & Mystery. | FICTION / Occult & Supernatural.
Classification: LCC PN6728.W5888 M54 2017 | DDC 741.5/973--dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2016043702

CHAPTER ONE

LONDON, AUGUST 1882.
...RIGHT ENOUGH, BUT WORK FASTER, FOR GOD'S SAKE. THIS STATION'S DUE TO OPEN IN LESS THAN A MONTH, AND AT THIS RATE YOU'LL STILL BE HERE PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES.
EXCUSE ME, MR. CAMPBELL, SIR?
WAY OUT
EC3N 4AB
WHAT IS IT, HAWKINS?
WELL, IT'S... THERE'S...
SOMETHING BACK THERE YOU SHOULD SEE, IS ALL.
WE WAS CLEARING OUT THE EQUIPMENT FROM THE SOUTHERN TUNNEL, JUST LIKE YOU SAID, SIR. ME, DAVIES, AND WILKES.
WE SHIFTED SOME OF THE UNUSED PIPING TO ONE SIDE, RESTED IT AGAINST THE TUNNEL WALL, AND... WELL...
THIS HAPPENED.
BLIMEY!

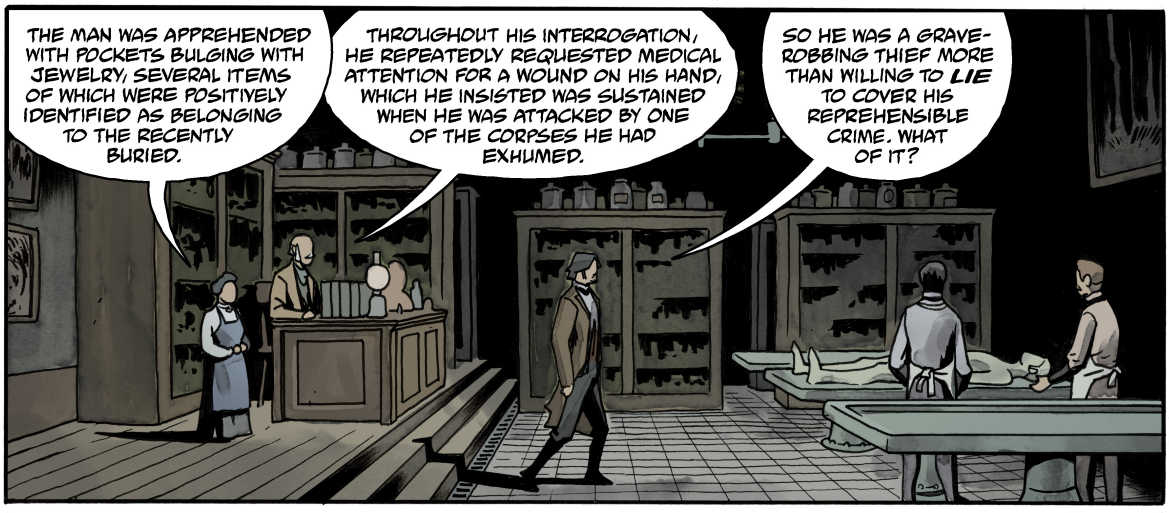
DAVIES, WILKES, AND ME CAME DOWN HERE, TO SEE HOW FAR IT WENT.
MY OLD DAD WAS A MOLEMAN, AND HIS DAD BEFORE HIM, DIGGING SEWERS AND SUCH. I'VE HEARD ABOUT FINDS LIKE THIS, DOWN IN THE SOFT CLAY.
CHAMBERS DATING BACK TO ELIZABETH'S TIME, MEDIEVAL WARRENS, SAXON FIRE PITS... THE HOMES OF THE DEAD, UNDER THE FEET OF THE LIVING.
AND WHAT WE FOUND AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL? IT'S LIKE NO HOME I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE.
WELL, I DON'T KNOW NAUGHT ABOUT THAT, BUT WHOEVER BUILT IT, IT'S BEEN A GOOD LONG WHILE.
SOME KIND OF CHURCH, MORE LIKE, YOU ASK ME.
BLOODY HELL.

GIVE US THAT LIGHT.
"CHURCH" ISN'T FAR OFF. SOME KIND OF TEMPLE, I'D RECKON. DATING BACK TO THE ROMANS, EVEN?
DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY ROMAN CARVINGS I'VE EVER SEEN, THOUGH...
BUT WHERE'D DAVIES AND WILKES BUGGER OFF TO, NOW? THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D LEFT THEM DOWN HERE.
SO I SAID. AND THEY ONLY HAD THE ONE LAMP BETWEEN 'EM. BUT LOOK.
THEY MUST HAVE CLIMBED BACK UP IN THE DARK. GONE OUT TO CATCH SOME FRESH AIR, MAYBE.
COULDN'T HAVE. I'D HAVE PASSED THEM IN THE TUNNEL. THEY STAYED DOWN HERE, SURE ENOUGH.
THEN... THEN WHERE THE DEVIL DID THEY GO?

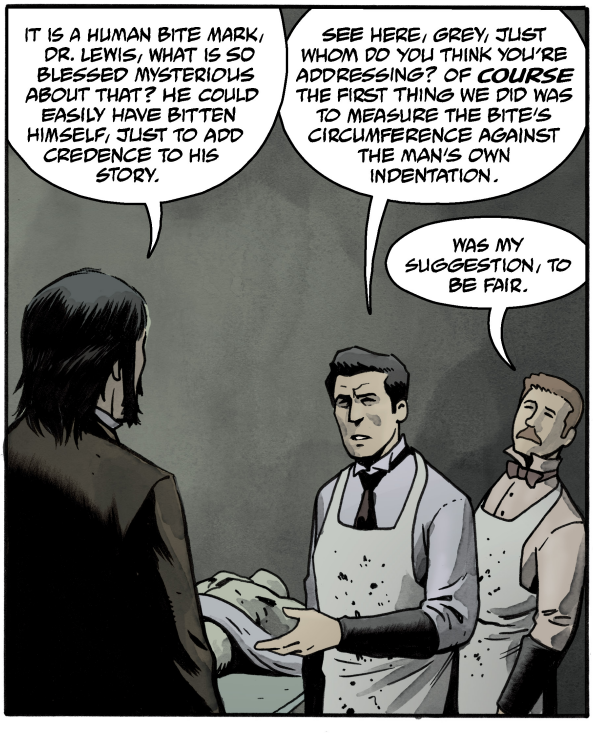
...AT WHICH POINT I WAS FINALLY ABLE TO LOCATE THE DUKE'S MISSING NEPHEW, DEEP IN THE WILD WOOD, ALONG WITH THE LUNATIC WHO HAD ABDUCTED HIM.
FROM THE SECRET JOURNALS OF SIR EDWARD GREY.
THE DUCHESS'S INSISTENCE THAT "FAIRIES" HAD TAKEN THE BOY PROVED AS DUBIOUS AS I HAD ANTICIPATED, WITH THE CULPRIT INSTEAD BEING AN ALL-TOO-MORTAL MAN WITH GROTESQUE APPETITES.
THE OFFICIAL STORY SUPPLIED TO THE PAPERS WAS THE BOY HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED FOR RANSOM BY FENIANS. IT WAS FELT THE PUBLIC WAS ILL PREPARED FOR THE TRUTH. I WAS ILL PREPARED FOR IT MYSELF.
BUT WITH ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN OVER THE YEARS, THE UNCANNY AND THE INEXPLICABLE, HOW CAN I STILL BE SURPRISED BY THE MUNDANE DEPRAVITIES OF MY FELLOW MAN? THE SUPERNATURAL CREATURES FROM FAIRY TALES AND PENNY DREADFULS MAY SOMETIMES PROVE TO BE REAL, BUT THEY ARE NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE NIGHTMARES THAT LURK IN THE HUMAN MIND.
WITCHFINDER RECOVERS MISS CHILD FROM IRISH RADICALS.
KING OF ZULULAND VISITS LONDON
SPEAKING OF WHICH, I HAVE HAD THE SAME TROUBLING DREAM, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, BUT UPON WAKING CAN NEVER RECALL THE DETAILS. ONLY THE SENSATION OF
WHAT WAS IT AGAIN...?
REMEMBER.

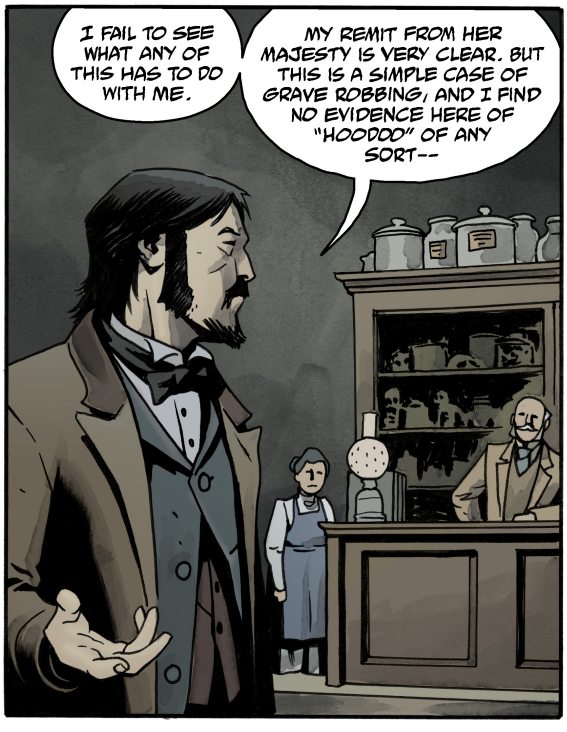
YOUR PARDON, SIR EDWARD?
YES, BAILEY? WHAT IS IT?
A MESSAGE HAS ARRIVED FOR YOU, AND THE COURIER INSISTED IT WAS MOST URGENT.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK.
TERRIBLY INFORMATIVE, ISN'T IT?
Grey You are needed. Silk
INFORM THE COOK THAT SHE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT PREPARING LUNCH, BAILEY.
IF EXPERIENCE IS ANY INDICATOR, I RATHER SUSPECT THAT EITHER MY SCHEDULE, OR MY APPETITE, IS ABOUT TO BE SPOILED.
OR QUITE POSSIBLY BOTH.
"KING OF ZULULAND"? WHAT NEXT? QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES...?

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL.
I'VE JUST REACHED THE END OF A LONG AND DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT, AND I'M IN NO MOOD FOR JOKES.
SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL
AND I MUST CONFESS, MR. SILK, THAT I CANNOT SEE THIS AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN AN ILL-ADVISED ATTEMPT AT HUMOR.
I ASSURE YOU, I'M AS SERIOUS AS THE GRAVE. AH, SEE WHAT I DID THERE? "GRAVE." AN UNINTENTIONAL PUN, BUT FITTING. DEADLY SERIOUS, YOU MIGHT EVEN SAY.
YES, WELL, THERE IS NO COMPELLING REASON TO DOUBT THE MAN'S TESTIMONY, AFTER ALL.
BUT MISS GOAD, THE MAN WAS AN ADMITTED GRAVE ROBBER. WHY SHOULD WE TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD ABOUT ANYTHING?


THE MAN WAS APPREHENDED WITH POCKETS BULGING WITH JEWELRY, SEVERAL ITEMS OF WHICH WERE POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED AS BELONGING TO THE RECENTLY BURIED.
THROUGHOUT HIS INTERROGATION, HE REPEATEDLY REQUESTED MEDICAL ATTENTION FOR A WOUND ON HIS HAND, WHICH HE INSISTED WAS SUSTAINED WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED BY ONE OF THE CORPSES HE HAD EXHUMED.
SO HE WAS A GRAVE-ROBBING THIEF MORE THAN WILLING TO LIE TO COVER HIS REPREHENSIBLE CRIME. WHAT OF IT?

I WAS DISPATCHED TO SEE TO HIS INJURIES, BUT THE SUSPECT PERISHED BEFORE I ARRIVED.
DR. MANLEY AND I HAVE YET TO ESTABLISH THE CAUSE OF DEATH, BUT THE INJURY HE REPORTED IS CLEARLY EVIDENT.


IT IS A HUMAN BITE MARK, DR. LEWIS, WHAT IS SO BLESSED MYSTERIOUS ABOUT THAT? HE COULD EASILY HAVE BITTEN HIMSELF, JUST TO ADD CREDENCE TO HIS STORY.
SEE HERE, GREY, JUST WHOM DO YOU THINK YOU'RE ADDRESSING? OF COURSE THE FIRST THING WE DID WAS TO MEASURE THE BITE'S CIRCUMFERENCE AGAINST THE MAN'S OWN INDENTATION.
WAS MY SUGGESTION, TO BE FAIR.

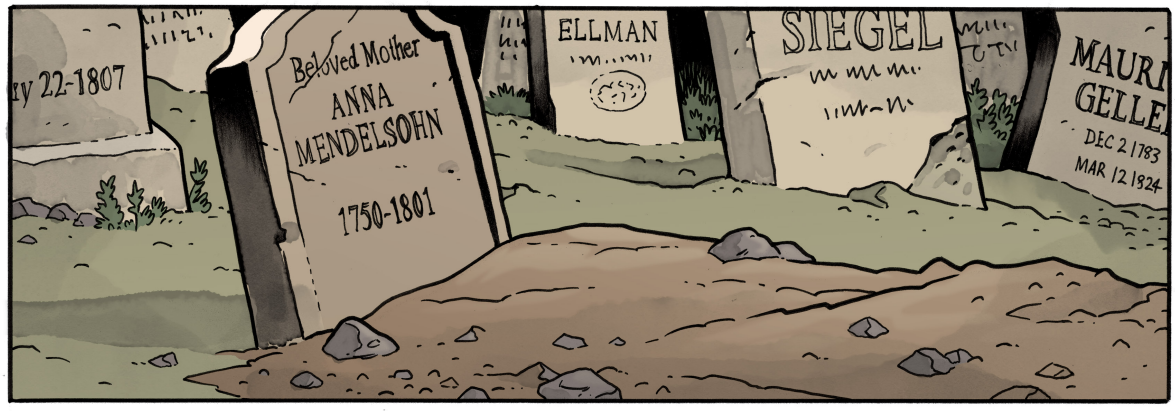

I FAIL TO SEE WHAT ANY OF THIS HAS TO DO WITH ME.
MY REMIT FROM HER MAJESTY IS VERY CLEAR. BUT THIS IS A SIMPLE CASE OF GRAVE ROBBING, AND I FIND NO EVIDENCE HERE OF "HOODOO" OF ANY SORT--

WHAT IN BLAZES--?!
CHRIST!
?
UHNNN...

CLEAR OUT!
IT'S...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. HE WAS DEAD!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, GENTLEMEN?!
IS HE DEAD OR ISN'T HE?
STAY >GRN< BACK--
UUURR...
UURR--!
HUH...>URK< HELP...

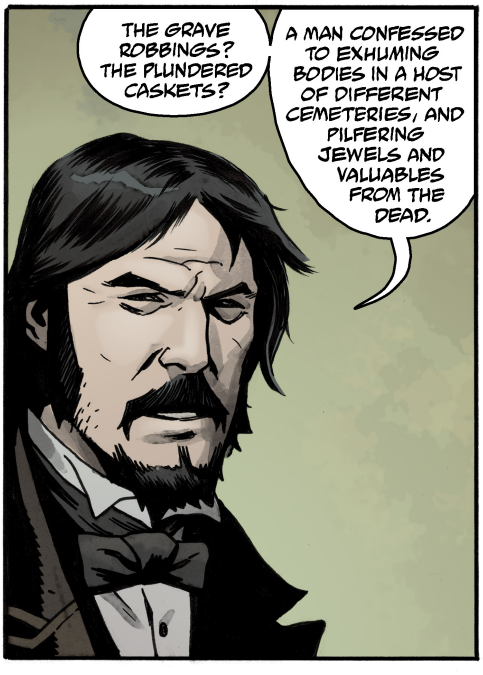
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF THAT.
STHUNK
THUD
I >GASP< I DON'T... DON'T...
FOR PITY'S SAKE, LEWIS, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.
CLATTER
NOW, WHERE EXACTLY DID THIS GRAVE ROBBER SAY HE WAS ATTACKED?

LAMB STREET CEMETERY.
THE TIMID FEAR THE GRAVEYARD INSTINCTUALLY, HARBORING ATAVISTIC, GROUNDLESS ANXIETIES.
BUT HAVING SEEN WHAT PRACTITIONERS OF THE DARK ARTS CAN DO WITH A LIFELESS CORPSE, I HAVE EARNED THE DISQUIET I FEEL WHENEVER I TRESPASS AMONG THE DEAD.
DO YOU HAVE A MOMENT?
I'M HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS, AND HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS FOR YOU.
SURE. SO LONG AS IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG.
JACOB COHEN
1786-1829

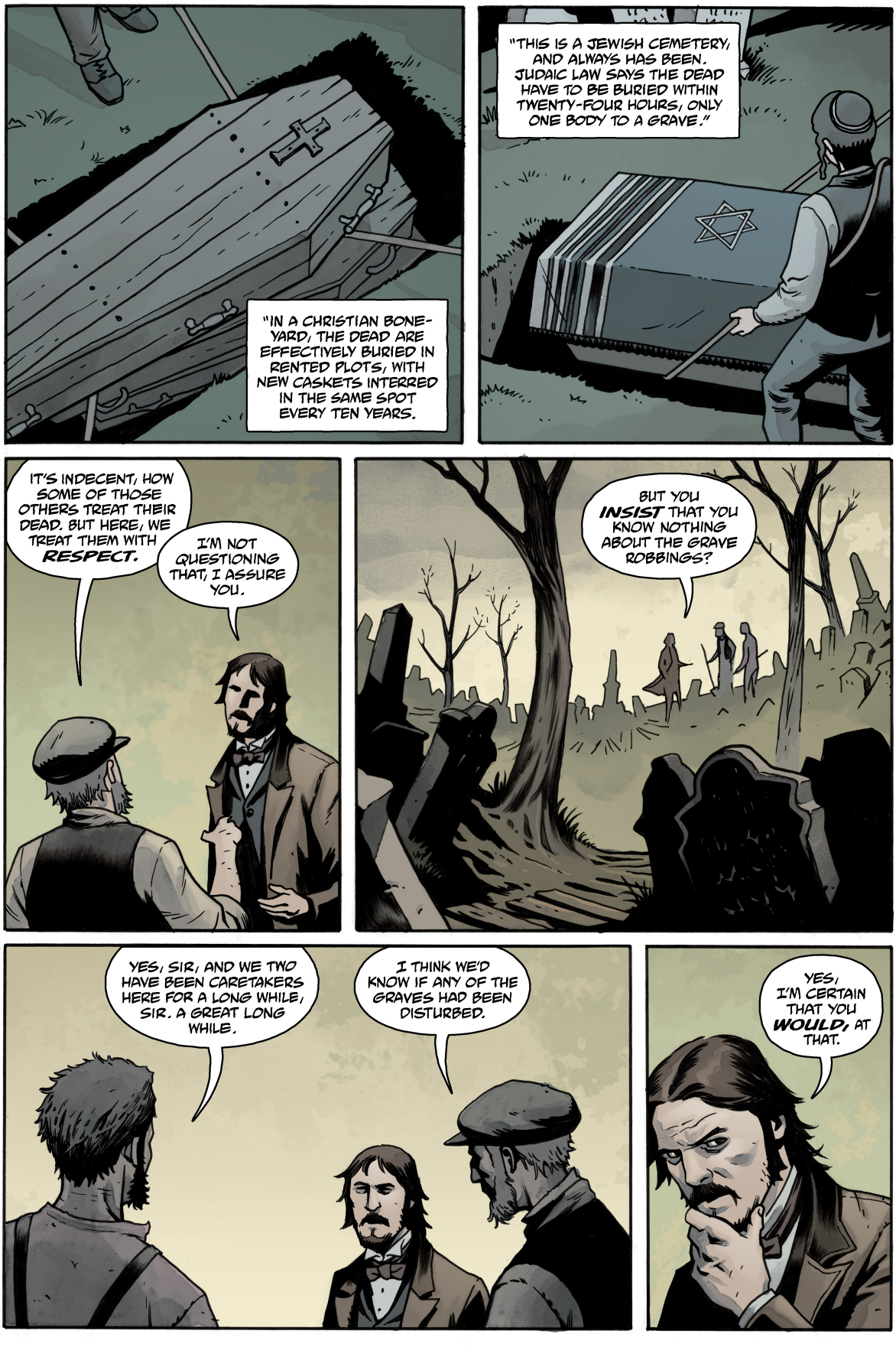

Beloved Mother
ANNA
MENDELSOHN
1750-1801
ELLMAN
SIEGEL
DEC 2 1783
MAR 12 1924

...AND I AM CURIOUS TO KNOW WHETHER YOU HAD ANY DETAILS TO SHARE ABOUT THE RECENT THEFTS.
DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY THEFTS.

WHERE'S ALL THIS COMING FROM, ANYWAY?


THE GRAVE ROBBINGS? THE PLUNDERED CASKETS?
A MAN CONFESSED TO EXHUMING BODIES IN A HOST OF DIFFERENT CEMETERIES, AND PILFERING JEWELS AND VALUABLES FROM THE DEAD.

THIS CEMETERY FEATURED PROMINENTLY IN THAT LIST.
NOTHING LIKE THAT HERE. COURSE, THIS ISN'T LIKE A LOT OF THOSE OTHER BURIAL GROUNDS.


"IN A CHRISTIAN BONE-YARD, THE DEAD ARE EFFECTIVELY BURIED IN RENTED PLOTS, WITH NEW CASKETS INTERRED IN THE SAME SPOT EVERY TEN YEARS.
"THIS IS A JEWISH CEMETERY, AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN. JUDAIC LAW SAYS THE DEAD HAVE TO BE BURIED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, ONLY ONE BODY TO A GRAVE."
IT'S INDECENT, HOW SOME OF THOSE OTHERS TREAT THEIR DEAD. BUT HERE, WE TREAT THEM WITH RESPECT.
I'M NOT QUESTIONING THAT, I ASSURE YOU.
BUT YOU INSIST THAT YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE GRAVE ROBBINGS?
YES, SIR, AND WE TWO HAVE BEEN CARETAKERS HERE FOR A LONG WHILE, SIR. A GREAT LONG WHILE.
I THINK WE'D KNOW IF ANY OF THE GRAVES HAD BEEN DISTURBED.
YES, I'M CERTAIN THAT YOU WOULD, AT THAT.

I HAVE ENCOUNTERED MANY VILE, HORRID CREATURES OVER THE YEARS, AND KNOW ALL TOO WELL THE DANGERS POSED BY THE SUPERNATURAL.
BUT NONE SO DANGEROUS AS MY FELLOW MAN. THE CARETAKERS ARE LYING, THAT MUCH IS CERTAIN. WHAT DO THEY GAIN FROM THE FALSEHOOD? AND WHO ELSE BENEFITS?
SIR EDWARD GREY?
M. DRYER & CO PRINT SETTERS
PRECISELY THE MAN I HAVE COME TO SEE. I TRUST YOU RECALL OUR PREVIOUS MEETING?
ON BEHALF OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA, I MUST INFORM YOU THAT THERE IS A MATTER OF SOME URGENCY--
AUGUST SWAIN.
YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME? WHEN YOU STILL HAVE THE BLOOD OF MY FRIENDS ON YOUR HANDS?!

"MARY WOLF.
"THE CAPTAIN.
"AND THE BLOODY-HANDED BASTARDS WHO KILLED THEM."
YOU AND YOUR WHOLE BAND OF OCCULT FANATICS SHOULD BE HANGED FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
I WOULD KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND WITH MY OWN BARE HANDS IF--
NOW, NOW, SIR EDWARD. CALM YOURSELF.
I HAVE NOT COME TO QUARREL WITH YOU.
AND BESIDES, IT'D HARDLY BE PROPER FOR AN AGENT OF THE CROWN TO MAKE A SCENE IN THE BROAD DAYLIGHT, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
WHAT DO YOU WANT, SWAIN?

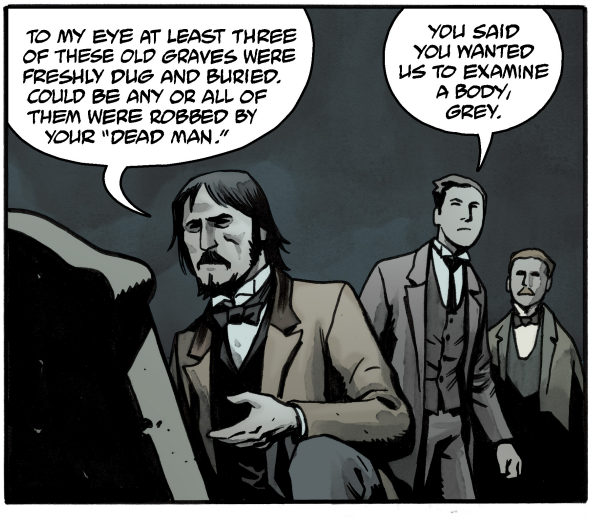
I COME WITH A REQUEST FOR ASSISTANCE, AND AN OFFER OF THE SAME.
WE HAVE INTELLIGENCE DATING BACK YEARS THAT WE BELIEVE WOULD AID YOU GREATLY IN YOUR PRESENT INVESTIGATIONS, AND WE THINK YOU ARE IN A POSITION TO ASSIST US, AS WELL.
ASSIST A MURDEROUS CABAL OF LUNATICS? WHAT KIND OF FOOL DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?
WE ARE NOT "LUNATICS," SIR. WE IN THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA ARE MEN OF SCIENCE.
"AND WITH THE ELECTRIC EYE OF SCIENCE, WE WILL LAY BARE THE GREATER MYSTERIES.
"PERHAPS EVEN THE MYSTERY OF LIFE ITSELF."
I HAVE HEARD THIS LINE FROM YOU LOT BEFORE, I DON'T NEED TO HEAR IT AGAIN.
YOU WILL COME TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING, IN TIME. YOU SEE, AT PRESENT, WE SHARE A COMMON CAUSE.
AND IF YOU WILL ONLY ACCOMPANY ME, MY ASSOCIATES AND I WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.
YOU MUST BE JOKING.

YOU ARE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, AND ONE THING ONLY, SWAIN. I SHOULD NOT MAKE A SCENE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT IN FULL VIEW OF THE PUBLIC.
BUT THE SUN SETS EVERY DAY. THE PUBLIC IS NOT ALWAYS WATCHING.
YOU WOULD-BE SORCERERS WILL BE HELD TO ACCOUNT, YOU HAVE MY WORD. JUSTICE WILL COME FOR YOU IN THE END.
AND WHEN IT DOES, I SHALL BE ON HAND TO "ASSIST."
SLAM
TROUBLE, SIR?
NOTHING OF THE SORT, BAILEY. NOW PUT THAT THING AWAY BEFORE YOU DO YOURSELF AN INJURY.
THIS IS FAR FROM OVER, GREY.

I DID NOT BELIEVE FOR A MOMENT THE TESTIMONY OF THE CEMETERY CARETAKERS, AS THEY'RE CLEARLY HIDING SOMETHING. BUT IS THERE SOME TIE TO THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD...?
I AM ELECTING TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THOSE GRAVES THE CARETAKERS WERE TAMPING DOWN, WHEN THEY ARE NOT AROUND TO INTERFERE.
THOUGH I WILL REQUIRE ASSISTANCE...
...QUIETLY, YOU TWO.
MY WARRANT ALLOWS FOR THIS INSPECTION TO BE CARRIED OUT LEGALLY, BUT I WOULD PREFER NOT TO ALERT THE PROPRIETORS OF OUR VISIT JUST YET, IF POSSIBLE.
I DON'T LIKE THIS, GREY. MUCKING ABOUT WITH CORPSES AFTER A DEAD MAN HOPPED UP OFF THE SLAB ONLY THIS MORNING.
WHOLE MESS OF DEAD MEN AROUND HERE, I'D SAY.
WHAT WE WITNESSED THIS MORNING WAS DOUBTLESS SOME MANNER OF SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENON. A CORPSE REANIMATED BY A HOUNGAN OR NECROMANCER, PERHAPS.
AND IN CASE WE RUN INTO MORE OF THAT PRACTITIONER'S HANDIWORK, I DO NOT COME UNPREPARED.
"SILVER BULLETS LOADED IN MY WEBLEY-PRYSE, CHARMS AND AMULETS, SACRED WARDS OF ALL VARIETIES."

NOW, THE CARETAKERS INSISTED THAT THERE HAD BEEN NO GRAVE ROBBERS HERE.
BUT THEY WERE IN THE PROCESS OF FILLING A GRAVE, THE HEADSTONE OF WHICH DATED BACK HALF A CENTURY. WHICH SUGGESTS THAT THEY WERE REBURYING A RECENTLY EXHUMED CASKET.

IT WAS RIGHT ABOUT... THERE.


TO MY EYE AT LEAST THREE OF THESE OLD GRAVES WERE FRESHLY DUG AND BURIED. COULD BE ANY OR ALL OF THEM WERE ROBBED BY YOUR "DEAD MAN."
YOU SAID YOU WANTED US TO EXAMINE A BODY, GREY.

I MIGHT HAVE IMPLIED IT, YES. BUT WHAT I NEED MORE AT THE MOMENT IS A COUPLE OF STRONG BACKS TO HELP WITH THE DIGGING.
SO GET TO WORK, WON'T YOU? THERE'S A GOOD MAN.

JACOB COHEN
1786-1829
THERE, THAT SHOULD DO IT.
IMPOSSIBLE!

NO SIGN OF DECAY. NO DECOMPOSITION.
SAME HERE.
I'VE SEEN LIVING MEN WHO DON'T LOOK AS HALE AND HEARTY AS THE ONE DOWN THERE.
AND YET ALL THREE WERE BURIED IN THE GROUND BETWEEN FIFTY AND EIGHTY YEARS AGO.
JACOB COHEN
1786-1829
COULD THE CASKETS JUST BE PARTICULARLY WELL MADE? AIRTIGHT, WATERTIGHT? THE BODIES NATURALLY MUMMIFIED, AS SOMETIMES HAPPENS IN DESERT CAVES?
EVEN THEN THEY'D BE DESICCATED, DRIED OUT. THESE ARE MORE LIKE THOSE BODIES PRESERVED IN PEAT BOGS, THE BODILY FLUIDS TRAPPED WITHIN, THE FLESH TANNED TO LEATHER.
BUT THESE ARE NOT DESERT CAVES OR PEAT BOGS, GENTLEMEN. THESE ARE SIMPLE WOODEN COFFINS BURIED IN THE DAMP EARTH OF LONDON.
I KNOW YOU'D BOTH PREFER THAT THESE WERE SOMEHOW NATURALLY OCCURRING PHENOMENA. IT SEEMS, HOWEVER, THAT SOME FORM OF NECROMANCY SURELY WAS INVOLVED, AND--
SKRITCH
THE DEVIL...?

UHNNN...
ISAAC HIRST 1756~1799
JACOB COHEN 1786~1829
ANNA MENDELSOHN 1758~18
UUURRR...
UNNG...
YES, I BELIEVE THAT WE CAN CROSS "NATURALLY OCCURRING" OFF THE LIST OF POSSIBILITIES.
MMM...

CHAPTER TWO

STAY BEHIND ME, DOCTORS.
URRHHHNNN...
NOW, WE'LL SEE HOW THEY LIKE THE TASTE OF SILVER.
BLAM BLAM BLAM

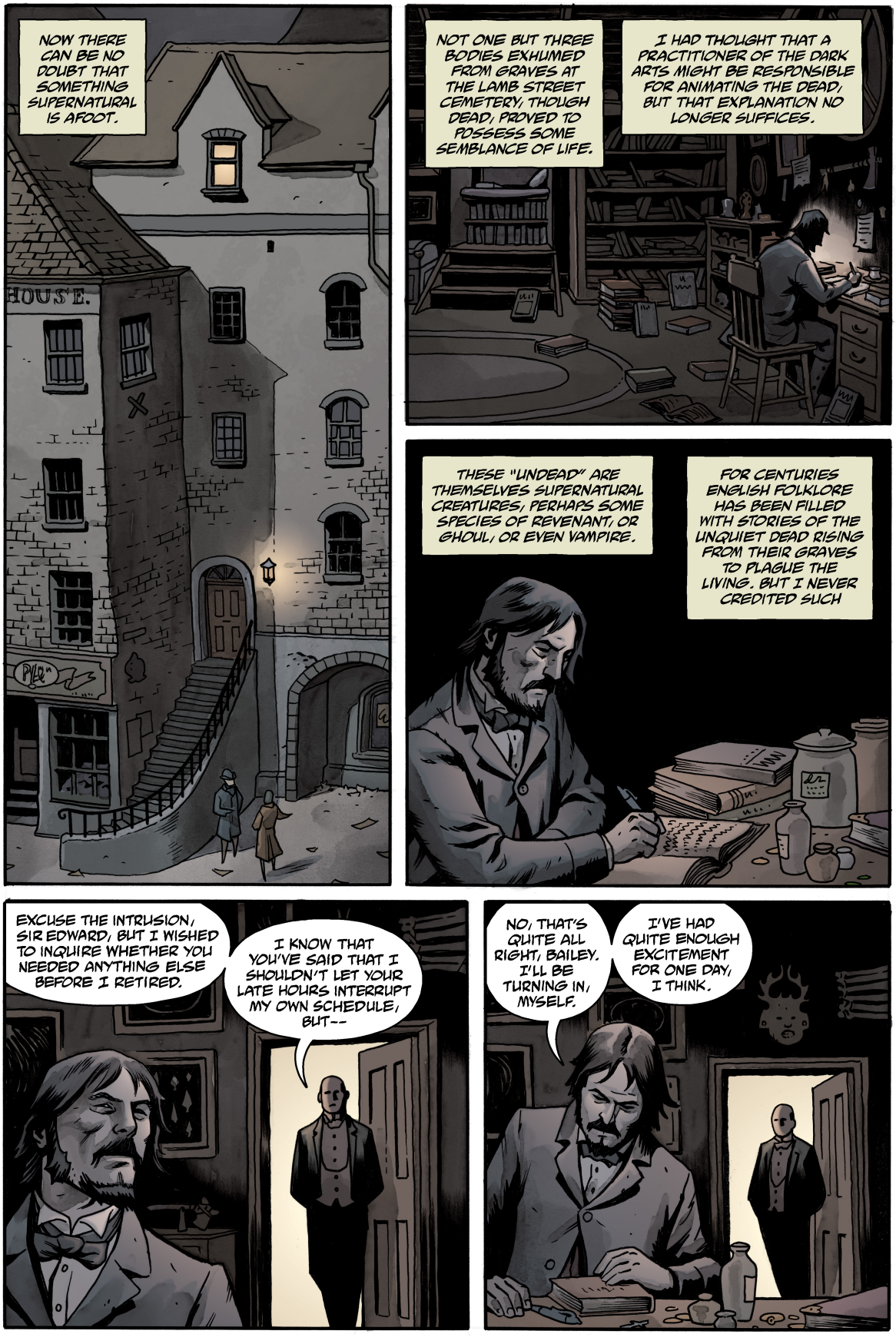
AARRR!
URRR...
BLAM
PERHAPS ONE OF THE CHARMS OR TALISMANS--
STAY BACK!
UURRR!
KRACK

UNNNHHH...
NO, NO, NO, LEAVE ME ALONE!
BLAST! NO RESPONSE AT ALL!
AIIEE!
UURRR!
STHLUNK
GRN!

AAARRR!
FSSSSSS
=URK= THANK YOU =GRN= GREY--
JUST GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF, LEWIS, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
MANLEY! IMPALE THE CREATURE! DO IT NOW!

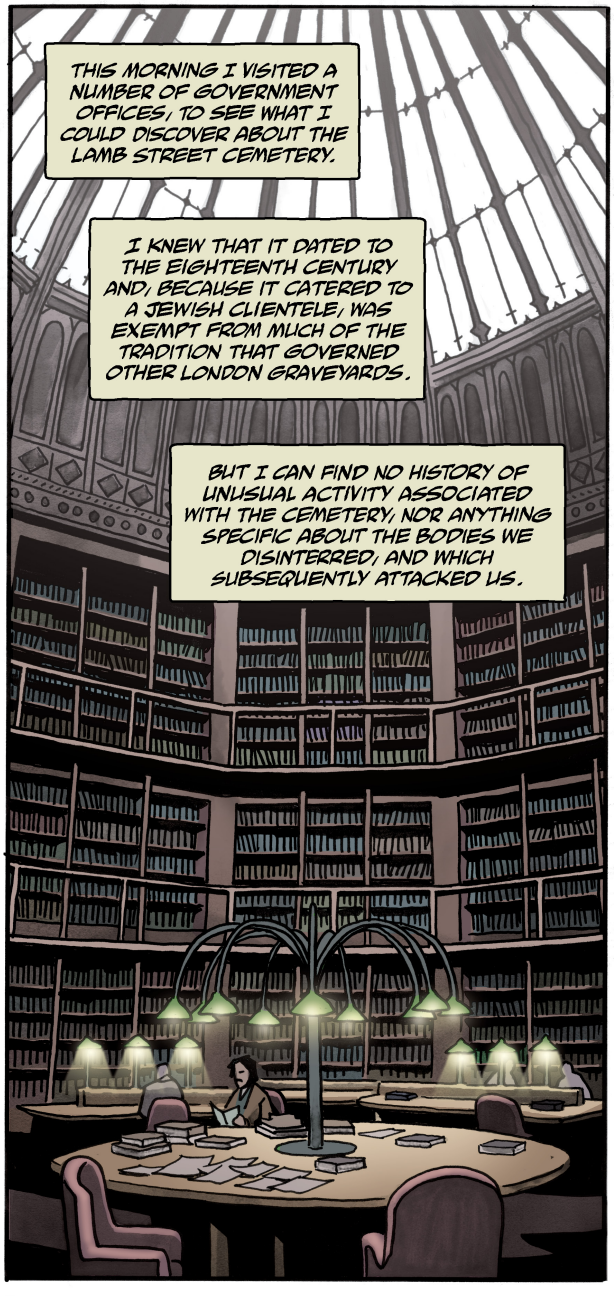
I'M TRYING, I'M TRYING.
BACK TO THE PIT FROM WHENCE YOU CAME!
RRRRRR!
SHUNK
THWACK
OH, FOR PITY'S SAKE--
NO, DON'T!
?

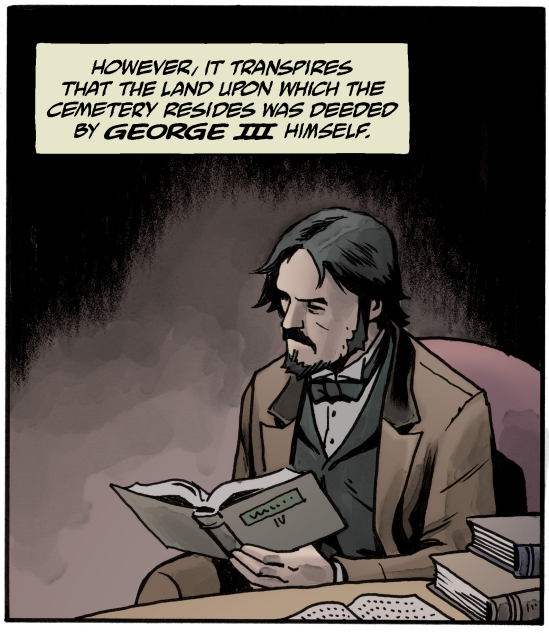
DON'T JUST LAY THERE GAWPING, MANLEY.
THE CREATURE IS DISPATCHED. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.
IT'S... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE. TO LAY IN THE GRAVE FOR DECADES, AND THEN RISE UP OF THEIR OWN ACCORD. IT'S NOT NATURAL.
I WOULD SUGGEST, DOCTOR, THAT YOUR DEFINITION OF THE "POSSIBLE" SHOULD AT THE VERY LEAST BE EXPANDED TO INCLUDE THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR OWN SENSES.
AS FOR "NATURAL"? NO, I VENTURE TO SAY THAT IT IS FAR FROM NATURAL.
WELL, WHAT NOW?
NOW? I'M GOING HOME. AS FOR YOU TWO, LEWIS LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT REQUIRE SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION. SEE TO THAT, WOULD YOU?
OH, AND COLLECT A SAMPLE OF THOSE BONES AND DUST, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT. MIGHT PROVE USEFUL.


NOW THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT THAT SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL IS AFOOT.
HOUSE.
NOT ONE BUT THREE BODIES EXHUMED FROM GRAVES AT THE LAMB STREET CEMETERY, THOUGH DEAD, PROVED TO POSSESS SOME SEMBLANCE OF LIFE.
I HAD THOUGHT THAT A PRACTITIONER OF THE DARK ARTS MIGHT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANIMATING THE DEAD, BUT THAT EXPLANATION NO LONGER SUFFICES.
THESE "UNDEAD" ARE THEMSELVES SUPERNATURAL CREATURES, PERHAPS SOME SPECIES OF REVENANT, OR GHOUL, OR EVEN VAMPIRE.
FOR CENTURIES ENGLISH FOLKLORE HAS BEEN FILLED WITH STORIES OF THE UNQUIET DEAD RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES TO PLAGUE THE LIVING. BUT I NEVER CREDITED SUCH
EXCUSE THE INTRUSION, SIR EDWARD, BUT I WISHED TO INQUIRE WHETHER YOU NEEDED ANYTHING ELSE BEFORE I RETIRED.
I KNOW THAT YOU'VE SAID THAT I SHOULDN'T LET YOUR LATE HOURS INTERRUPT MY OWN SCHEDULE, BUT--
NO, THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, BAILEY. I'LL BE TURNING IN, MYSELF.
I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ONE DAY, I THINK.

DING DING
BE WARY, ENGLISHMAN, AND BE WARNED.
DANGERS UNTOLD LIE HIDDEN BENEATH THE EARTH, BUT NOTHING STAYS BURIED FOREVER.
THOUGH THE GODDESS OF THE DARK MAY SOMETIMES SLUMBER, HER CHILDREN NEVER REST, AND SHADOWS WILL SPREAD AS DAY DRAWS INTO NIGHT.

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOME?!
YOU FACE TREMENDOUS ODDS, AND RISK MORE THAN YOU KNOW. BUT WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT RISK?
PREPARE YOURSELF FOR WHAT COMES. YOU MUST MARSHAL YOUR STRENGTHS IF YOU ARE TO SURVIVE.
DING DING
...ONLY A DREAM?


THIS MORNING I VISITED A NUMBER OF GOVERNMENT OFFICES, TO SEE WHAT I COULD DISCOVER ABOUT THE LAMB STREET CEMETERY.
I KNEW THAT IT DATED TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND, BECAUSE IT CATERED TO A JEWISH CLIENTELE, WAS EXEMPT FROM MUCH OF THE TRADITION THAT GOVERNED OTHER LONDON GRAVEYARDS.
BUT I CAN FIND NO HISTORY OF UNUSUAL ACTIVITY ASSOCIATED WITH THE CEMETERY, NOR ANYTHING SPECIFIC ABOUT THE BODIES WE DISINTERRED, AND WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY ATTACKED US.

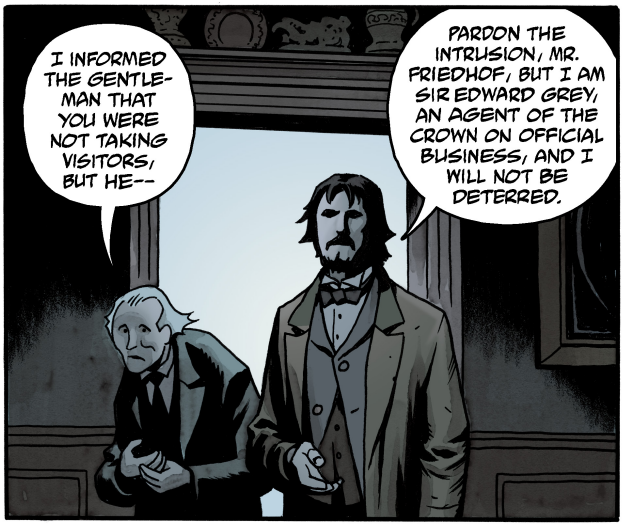

HOWEVER, IT TRANSPIRES THAT THE LAND UPON WHICH THE CEMETERY RESIDES WAS DEEDED BY GEORGE III HIMSELF.

A EUROPEAN FAMILY HAS HELD THE LANDS AND TITLE IN TRUST EVER SINCE, WITH CONTROL PASSING THROUGH SUCCESSIVE GENERATIONS.

THE CURRENT DEED HOLDER RESIDES IN LONDON, AND I WAS ABLE TO OBTAIN HIS NAME AND ADDRESS WITHOUT TOO MUCH DIFFICULTY.
AS THE CARETAKERS APPEAR TO HAVE VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE, I BELIEVE I SHALL PAY THE DEED HOLDER A VISIT AND SEE IF HE CAN SHED ANY LIGHT ON MATTERS.

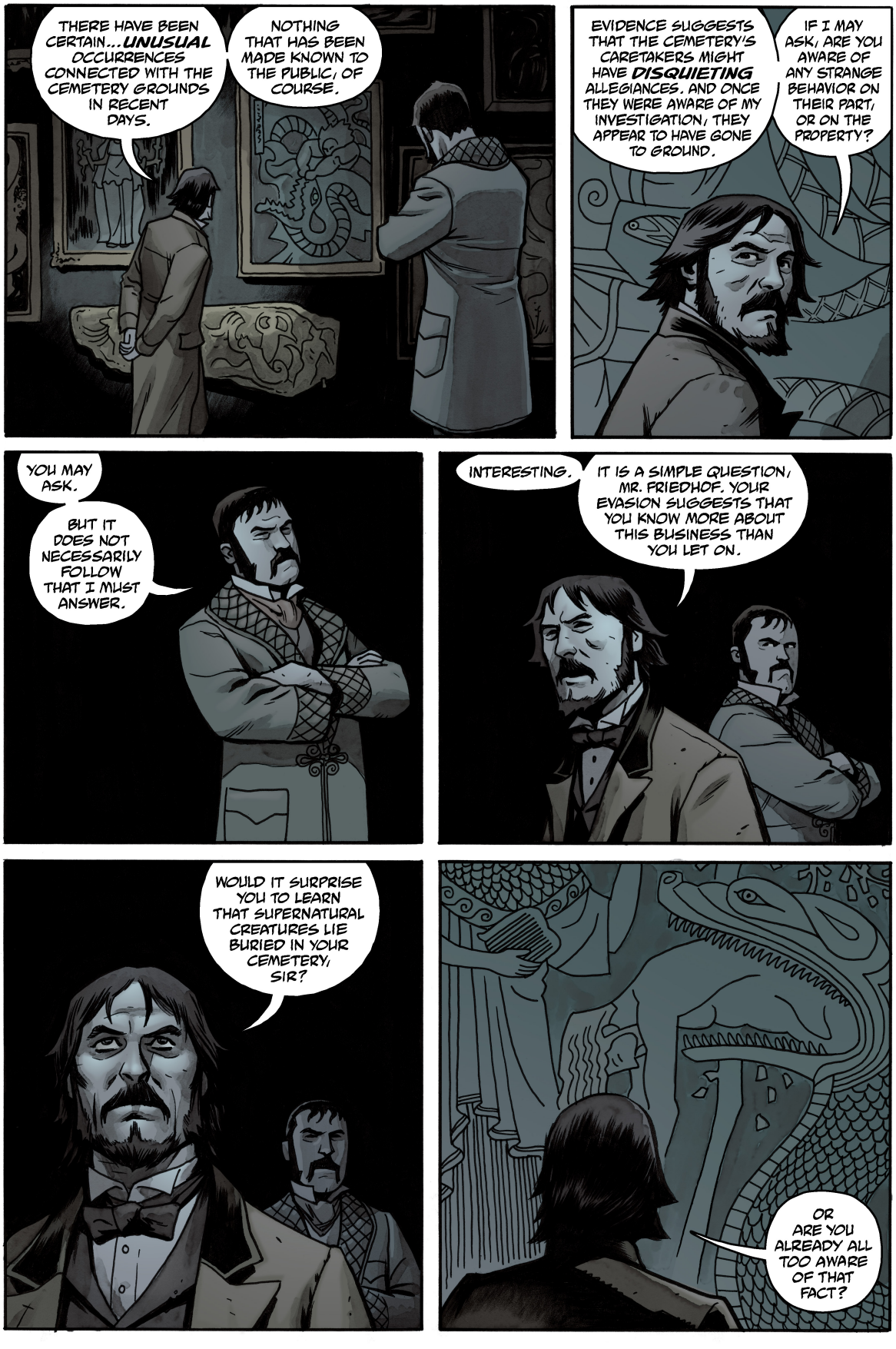
MY SLEEP LAST NIGHT WAS RESTLESS, FILLED WITH NIGHTMARES.
MR. SWINTONS
"PUREST TASTE"
COCOA
DISQUIETING VISIONS OF RAVENS AND SERPENTS, OF TOLLING BELLS AND CAVERNS BENEATH THE EARTH.
BUT NOW STRANGE AFRICAN MEDICINE MEN APPEAR IN MY DREAMS AS WELL? WHAT INSPIRED THAT FANCY?
NOCK NOCK

I BEG FORGIVENESS, MASTER, BUT--
I TOLD YOU I WAS NOT TO BE DISTURBED. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?


I INFORMED THE GENTLEMAN THAT YOU WERE NOT TAKING VISITORS, BUT HE--
PARDON THE INTRUSION, MR. FRIEDHOF, BUT I AM SIR EDWARD GREY, AN AGENT OF THE CROWN ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS, AND I WILL NOT BE DETERRED.

IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING THAT YOU ARE THE DEED HOLDER FOR THE LAND UPON WHICH THE LAMB STREET CEMETERY RESIDES, AND THE SOLE OWNER OF THE CEMETERY ITSELF.
IS THAT CORRECT?

YES. WHAT OF IT?


THERE HAVE BEEN CERTAIN...UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES CONNECTED WITH THE CEMETERY GROUNDS IN RECENT DAYS.
NOTHING THAT HAS BEEN MADE KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC, OF COURSE.
EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT THE CEMETERY'S CARETAKERS MIGHT HAVE DISQUIETING ALLEGIANCES. AND ONCE THEY WERE AWARE OF MY INVESTIGATION, THEY APPEAR TO HAVE GONE TO GROUND.
IF I MAY ASK, ARE YOU AWARE OF ANY STRANGE BEHAVIOR ON THEIR PART, OR ON THE PROPERTY?
YOU MAY ASK.
BUT IT DOES NOT NECESSARILY FOLLOW THAT I MUST ANSWER.
INTERESTING.
IT IS A SIMPLE QUESTION, MR. FRIEDHOF. YOUR EVASION SUGGESTS THAT YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS BUSINESS THAN YOU LET ON.
WOULD IT SURPRISE YOU TO LEARN THAT SUPERNATURAL CREATURES LIE BURIED IN YOUR CEMETERY, SIR?
OR ARE YOU ALREADY ALL TOO AWARE OF THAT FACT?

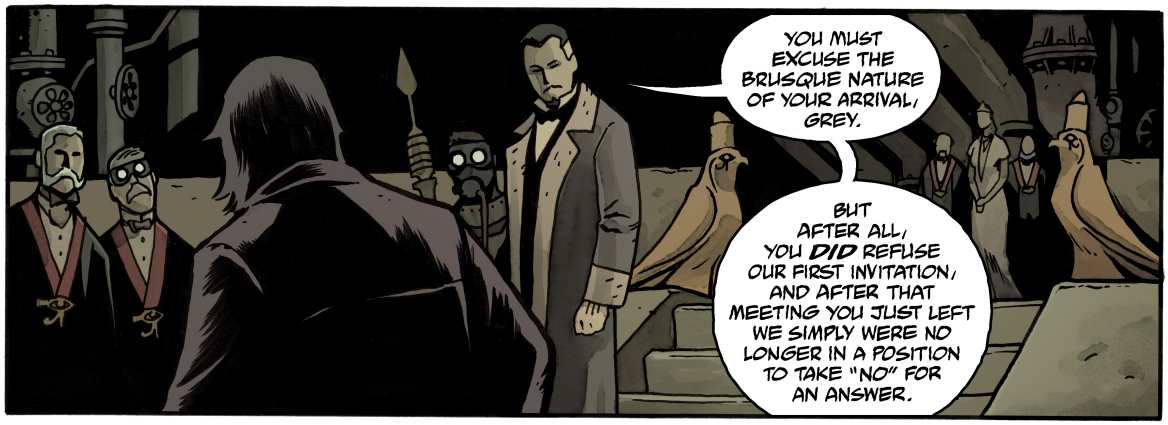
AH, NOW I RECALL WHY YOUR NAME RINGS SO FAMILIAR. YOU ARE THAT SIR EDWARD. THE ONE WHO TRAIPSES AFTER PHANTOMS, LIKE A CHILD WHO STILL BELIEVES IN FAIRY STORIES.
MY ENGLISH SERVANTS READ THE PENNY DREADFUL ACCOUNTS OF YOUR ACTIVITIES. ONE COULD EASILY IMAGINE THAT YOU WERE NOTHING MORE THAN A FICTION FOR SIMPLETONS.
WHAT IS IT THAT THE RABBLE CALLS YOU AGAIN...?
WITCHFINDER.
I SAY AGAIN, SIR, THAT I AM AN AGENT OF THE CROWN ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS.
I WILL NOT BE DETERRED.
NO, I DON'T IMAGINE THAT YOU WILL, AT THAT.
WHAT A BORE YOU ARE.

VERY WELL, I WILL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. YES, MY FAMILY HAS OWNED THAT LAND FOR THE LAST CENTURY, AND NO, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES.
END OF STORY.
SO YOU MAINTAIN THAT YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THOSE BURIED THERE?
ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT THEY ARE DEAD? NO, I'VE NOTHING TO ADD.
THERE ARE NO GHOSTS OR GHOULS TO BE EXORCISED HERE, SIR EDWARD. ONLY BUSINESSMEN WITH IMPORTANT MATTERS TO WHICH TO ATTEND.
I TRUST YOU CAN FIND YOUR OWN WAY OUT?

MY MASTER BID ME INFORM YOU THAT THIS MATTER IS AT AN END.
I RATHER THINK THAT'S NOT HIS DECISION TO MAKE.
INFORM YOUR "MASTER" THAT I WILL BE--
SLAM
THE WINDOWS DRAPED, EVERY ONE OF THEM. DARK AND SILENT AS A TOMB WITHIN. I WONDER IF--

SCREEECH
THE DEVIL--?
STAY BACK!
GRAB HIS ARMS, QUICK!

COUGH
WHERE--?
And Zarzod said. Behold. and light sprang forth.
OH. OF COURSE.


YOU MUST EXCUSE THE BRUSQUE NATURE OF YOUR ARRIVAL, GREY.
BUT AFTER ALL, YOU *DID* REFUSE OUR FIRST INVITATION, AND AFTER THAT MEETING YOU JUST LEFT WE SIMPLY WERE NO LONGER IN A POSITION TO TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER.

DAMN YOUR EYES, SWAIN. I *KNEW* THAT YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS BUSINESS *SOMEHOW.*

BEFORE THE, SHALL WE SAY, *UNTIMELY* DEATH OF THE MAN KNOWN AS "THE CAPTAIN," THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD TOOK POSSESSION OF MANY OF HIS FILES ON LONDON'S SECRET HISTORY.

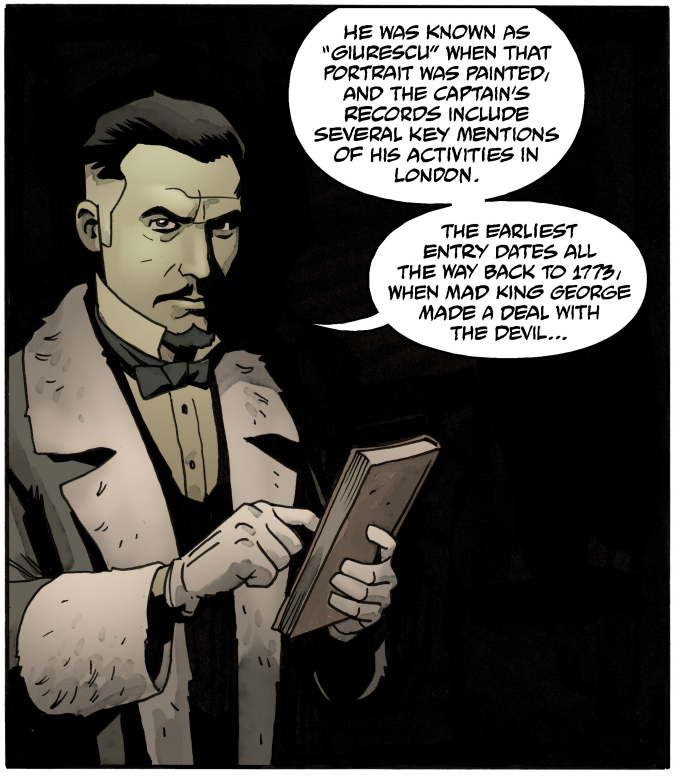
THEY MAKE FOR FASCINATING READING, I ASSURE YOU. THE CAPTAIN WAS A MAN OF CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES, AND HE KNEW WHERE THE BODIES WERE BURIED. SO TO SPEAK.
BUT ULTIMATELY THEY PROVIDED US WITH VERY LITTLE IN THE WAY OF *USEFUL* INFORMATION.

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, THE WORK OF THE CAPTAIN'S LONG LIFE AMOUNTED TO LITTLE MORE THAN MILD DIVERSION.

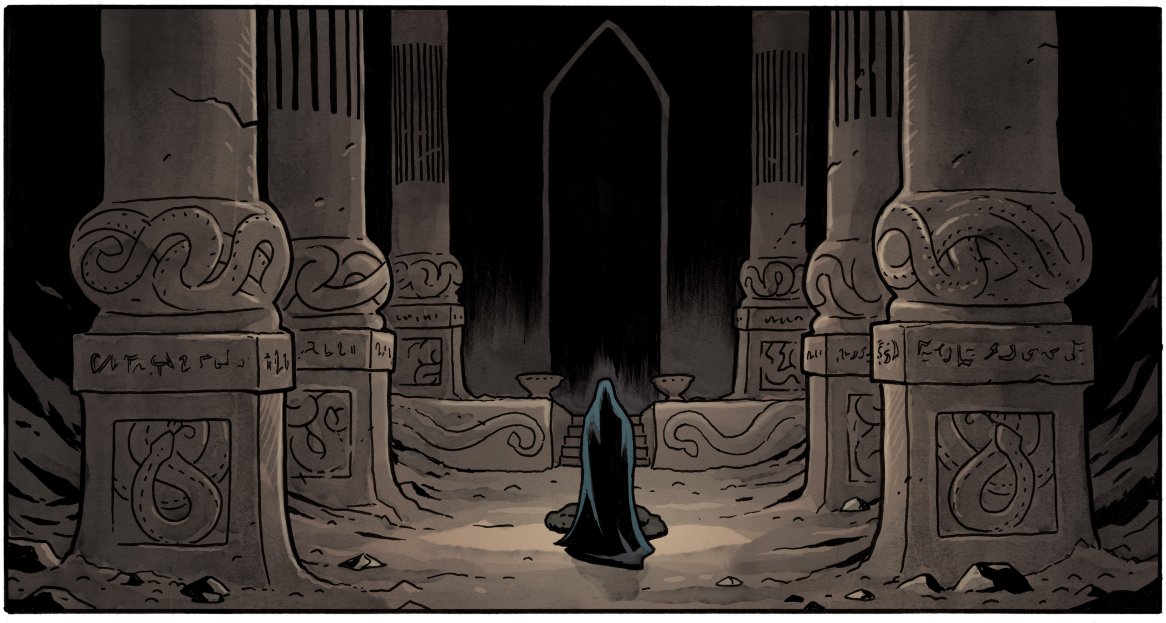
BUT THAT CHANGED WHEN THE HEAD OF OUR ORDER RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM FRANCE.

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TEFNUT TRIONUS, QUEEN OF HELIOPOLIS, SECOND INCARNATION OF EUGENE REMY, AND GRAND MISTRESS OF THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA.
EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SEE BEYOND REALITY'S VEIL. TO PERCEIVE THAT WHICH IS HIDDEN, OR LOST, OR YET TO COME.
IT IS BECAUSE OF WHAT I HAVE SEEN THAT I AM COME TO ENGLAND.
YES, WELL, I KNOW SOMETHING OF MEDIUMS AND PSYCHICS. DON'T EXPECT ME TO BE TOO IMPRESSED.
I HAVE SEEN YOU IN MY VISIONS, SIR EDWARD, AT THE SHORES OF A RIVER OF DARKNESS SOMEWHERE FAR UNDERGROUND.
ACHERON...
I HAVE SEEN A BLACK GODDESS RISING FROM THE DARK WATERS OF THAT RIVER, COME TO RECLAIM HER LOST KINGDOM.
I HAVE SEEN A MAN LEADING AN ARMY OF THE DEAD IN HER NAME, LAYING WASTE TO THE LIVING WORLD.
I CAME HERE BECAUSE I SAW THAT THIS IS WHERE THIS MAN WOULD RAISE HIS ARMY.
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT SHE WAS ABLE TO IDENTIFY A PORTRAIT OF THE MAN, ON LOAN TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION IN STUTTGART, GERMANY.

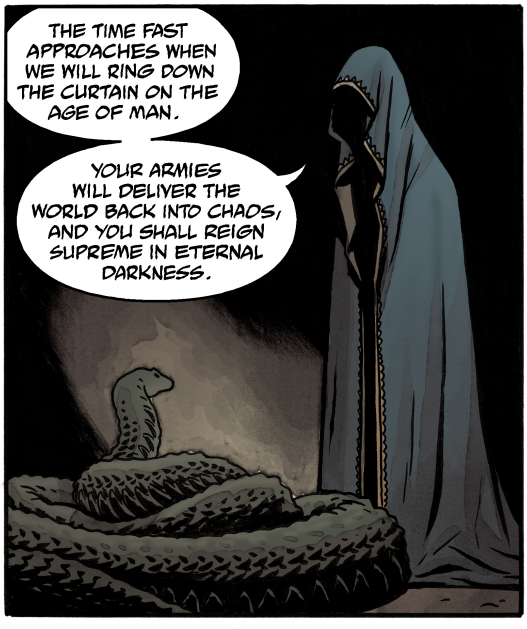
I SPOKE TO THIS MAN ONLY A SHORT WHILE AGO. HIS NAME IS FRIEDHOF. BUT WHY COMMISSION A PORTRAIT IN NAPOLEONIC-ERA COSTUME? SOME SORT OF FANCY DRESS BALL?
HA!
"FRIEDHOF" IS THE GERMAN WORD FOR "CEMETERY," SIR EDWARD.


HE WAS KNOWN AS "GIURESCU" WHEN THAT PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED, AND THE CAPTAIN'S RECORDS INCLUDE SEVERAL KEY MENTIONS OF HIS ACTIVITIES IN LONDON.
THE EARLIEST ENTRY DATES ALL THE WAY BACK TO 1773, WHEN MAD KING GEORGE MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL...

YOU HAVE MY INTEREST. CONTINUE.



THE PLAN IS IN MOTION, MY QUEEN.


THE TIME FAST APPROACHES WHEN WE WILL RING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON THE AGE OF MAN.
YOUR ARMIES WILL DELIVER THE WORLD BACK INTO CHAOS, AND YOU SHALL REIGN SUPREME IN ETERNAL DARKNESS.

SOON.

CHAPTER THREE

LONDON, OCTOBER 1773.
...AND THIS IS THE ONLY PRICE THAT YOU ASK?
YES, YOUR MAJESTY. THE MADELYN ROSE SETS SAIL TOMORROW, AND MY PRUSSIAN MERCENARIES ARE PREPARED TO BOARD.
THEY WILL SQUASH YOUR NOISOME COLONIAL REVOLT, AND ALL I ASK IN RETURN IS THE DEED TO A SMALL AMOUNT OF REAL ESTATE.
PAID, AND GLADLY. FOR THIS GOOD SERVICE, THAT SMALL PATCH OF LAND SHALL BE YOURS FROM NOW TILL DOOMSDAY.
THAT SHOULD SUFFICE.

LONDON,
AUGUST 1882.
SALTS of

AUGUST 8, 1882.
YOUR MAJESTY,
I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A FOREIGN NATIONAL TRAVELLING UNDER THE NAME 'FRIEDRICH' IS IN ACTUALITY A NOBLEMAN NAMED GURESCU, AND FURTHER THAT HE IS PLOTTING TO ESTABLISH A SECRET EVIL EMPIR

BAILEY, I KNOW IT IS OUTSIDE YOUR USUAL REMIT, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO DELIVER THIS MISSIVE PERSONALLY.

I'M AFRAID THAT HER MAJESTY WOULD APPEAR TO BE SUMMERING AT OSBORNE HOUSE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT, BUT IF YOU CATCH THE MORNING TRAIN YOU SHOULD BE BACK BY NIGHTFALL.
THE COOK WILL HAVE TO ATTEND TO YOUR DUTIES IN YOUR ABSENCE.

REMEMBER, ONLY A MEMBER OF THE QUEEN'S PERSONAL STAFF CAN TAKE RECEIPT OF THIS LETTER. I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOUR DISCRETION IN THIS MATTER.
THANK YOU, SIR. OF COURSE, SIR.

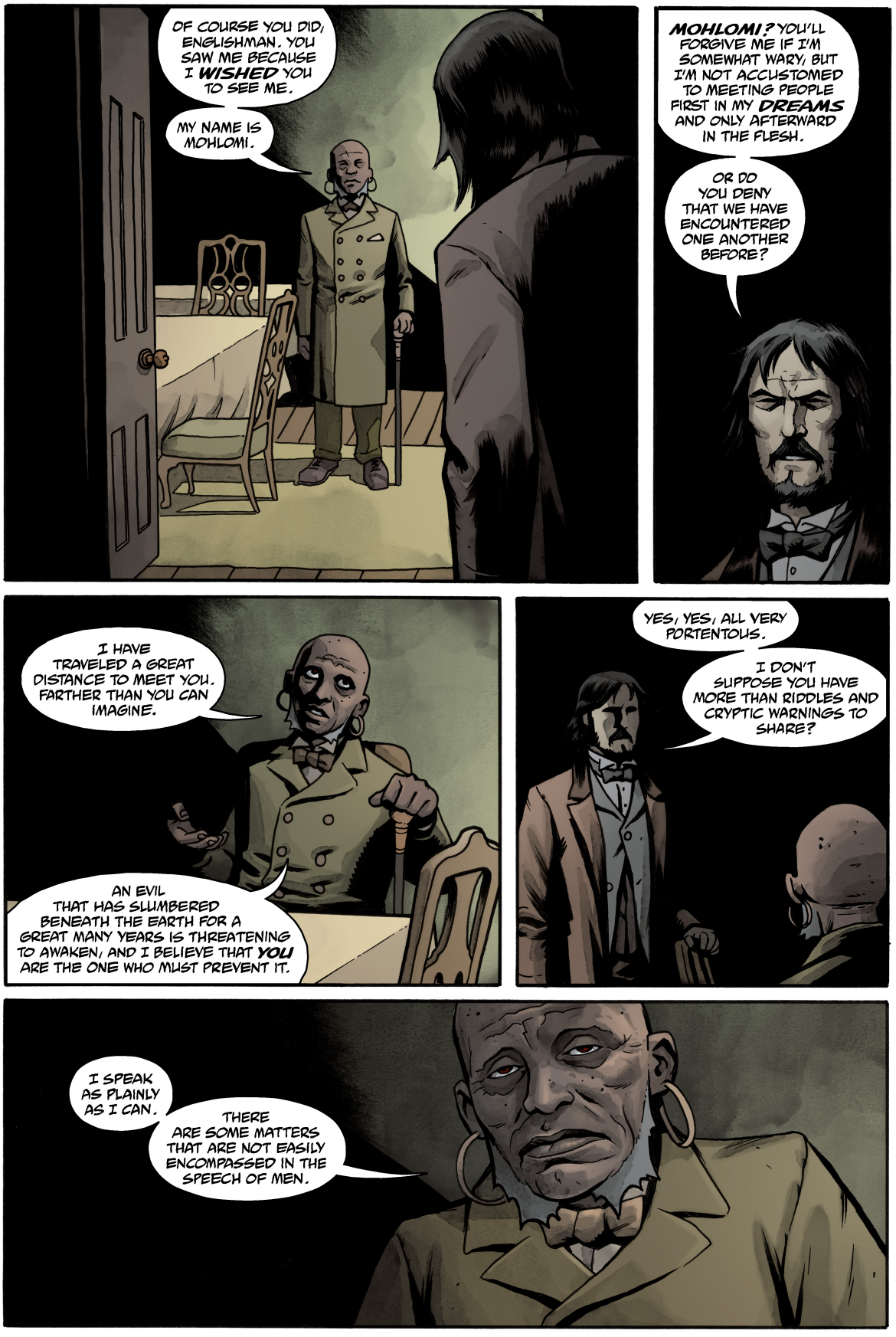
THE INTELLIGENCE I HAVE RECEIVED FROM THE HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA IS TROUBLING, TO SAY THE LEAST.
UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES I WOULD BE DISINCLINED TO PUT MUCH FAITH IN ANYTHING THAT SWAIN AND HIS CRONIES HAD TO SAY, BUT CIRCUMSTANCES ARE FAR FROM NORMAL.
I HAD ASSUMED THAT WE WERE DEALING WITH A GARDEN-VARIETY NECROMANCER OR OCCULTIST, SOMEONE ON THE LEVEL OF A GUSTAV STROBL OR MARY AND ELIZABETH WASHBROOK AND SARA WEBB.
BUT I'M FORCED TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY THAT WHAT WE ARE DEALING WITH IS NOT A MORTAL MAN WHO EMPLOYS SUPERNATURAL FORCES, BUT A SUPERNATURAL BEING HIMSELF.
LILLIPUT
WE WILL HAVE TO ATTEND TO THIS "GIURESCU," AND DECISIVELY.
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

OH!
...AND THAT'S ALL YOU CAN TELL US ABOUT THIS COVE, IS IT?
I'M SORRY, SERGEANT, BUT THE DETAILS OF THE MATTER ARE CLASSIFIED. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE MAN IS A THREAT TO QUEEN AND COUNTRY, AND MUST BE APPREHENDED AT ONCE.
THAT ROYAL WARRANT OF YOURS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, SIR EDWARD.
ALL RIGHT, YOU LOT! GET ON WITH IT!
UNF!
SMASH

NOBODY MOVE!
NO ONE IN OR OUT, UNDERSTOOD?
WELL, HOW MANY HAVE WE NETTED?
NONE, SERGEANT. NOT A BLESSED ONE.
THERE'S NOBODY HERE.

ALL RIGHT, SEARCH THE PLACE FROM STEM TO STERN, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT! EVEN IF THEY'VE SCARPERED, THEY MIGHT HAVE LEFT EVIDENCE BEHIND.
NO ONE HAS SLEPT IN THIS BED FOR SOME TIME, JUDGING BY THE ACCUMULATED DUST.
AND STILL WITH THE BLACKOUT CURTAINS. DARK AS PITCH WITHIN. I WONDER IF--
WHAT'S THIS NOW?

HOPE WE'RE NOT BORING YOU, SIR.
JUST SOMETHING I NEED TO CHECK ON. YOU AND YOUR MEN CARRY ON, SERGEANT.
I TAKE IT NO ONE SLIPPED OUT BEHIND US?
NOT ON OUR WATCH.
HELLO?
I KNOW THAT YOU'RE IN HERE--I COULD SEE YOU FROM ACROSS THE WAY.


OF COURSE YOU DID, ENGLISHMAN. YOU SAW ME BECAUSE I WISHED YOU TO SEE ME.
MY NAME IS MOHLOMI.
MOHLOMI? YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I'M SOMEWHAT WARY, BUT I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO MEETING PEOPLE FIRST IN MY DREAMS AND ONLY AFTERWARD IN THE FLESH.
OR DO YOU DENY THAT WE HAVE ENCOUNTERED ONE ANOTHER BEFORE?
I HAVE TRAVELED A GREAT DISTANCE TO MEET YOU. FARTHER THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.
AN EVIL THAT HAS SLUMBERED BENEATH THE EARTH FOR A GREAT MANY YEARS IS THREATENING TO AWAKEN, AND I BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MUST PREVENT IT.
YES, YES, ALL VERY PORTENTOUS.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE MORE THAN RIDDLES AND CRYPTIC WARNINGS TO SHARE?
I SPEAK AS PLAINLY AS I CAN.
THERE ARE SOME MATTERS THAT ARE NOT EASILY ENCOMPASSED IN THE SPEECH OF MEN.

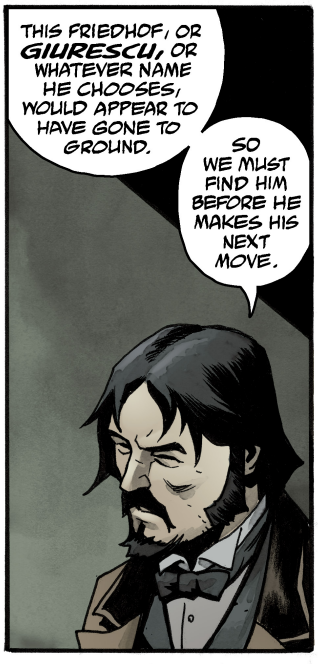
"THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH..."
YOU CLEARLY ARE MORE THAN YOU SEEM. WHAT IS YOUR CONNECTION WITH THIS UNDEAD BUSINESS? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GIURESCU?
I KNOW THAT THE DEAD DO NOT ALWAYS REMAIN IN THEIR RESTING PLACES, AND THAT SOME MEN WALK THE EARTH BEYOND THEIR APPOINTED TIME.
AS FOR THE ONE YOU SPEAK OF, I KNOW ONLY THE DANGER THAT HE POSES, FAR GREATER THAN HIMSELF.
IF YOU DESIRE ANSWERS, YOU MUST GO TO THE PLACE WHERE THE RAVENS GATHER.
RAVENS HAVE ALWAYS FAVORED THE MISTRESS OF THE ONE WHOM YOU SEEK.
SO, RIDDLES AND CRYPTIC WARNINGS IT IS, THEN.
SEE HERE, MOHLOMI, IF YOU DO POSSESS INFORMATION ABOUT THIS MATTER, IT WOULD BE IN YOUR BEST INTEREST TO--
MOHLOMI?

OOOF.
QUICKLY NOW, REMOVE THE LID! DO IT!
CREAK
FINALLY.
I TRUST THAT THE HOUSEHOLD WAS EVACUATED IN TIME?
YES, MASTER. JUST AS YOU INSTRUCTED.

THE POLICE SEARCH THE HOUSE NOW, BUT THEY WILL FIND NOTHING.
WE WERE MOST THOROUGH, MASTER.
IN THAT CASE, YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED.
AND AS TO THE MATTER OF OUR PAYMENT...?
YOU WILL BE REWARDED, AS PROMISED. BUT WERE I YOU, I SHOULD NOT WAIT TOO LONG TO SPEND IT.
SIR?
WHEN THE END COMES, IT WILL BEGIN HERE, IN THIS CITY.
LONDON WAS BUILT ATOP A SPOT VENERATED BY MY MISTRESS'S FOLLOWERS SINCE ANCIENT TIMES. IT WAS SELECTED ABOVE ALL OTHERS AS THE PLACE FROM WHICH THE OFFENSIVE WILL BE LAUNCHED.
WHEN YOUR KING DEEDED THESE FIELDS TO ME, HE LITTLE SUSPECTED THE PRICE HE PAID. THE PRICE THAT YOU WILL ALL PAY.
UM...
SO WE'RE STILL GETTING PAID, RIGHT?

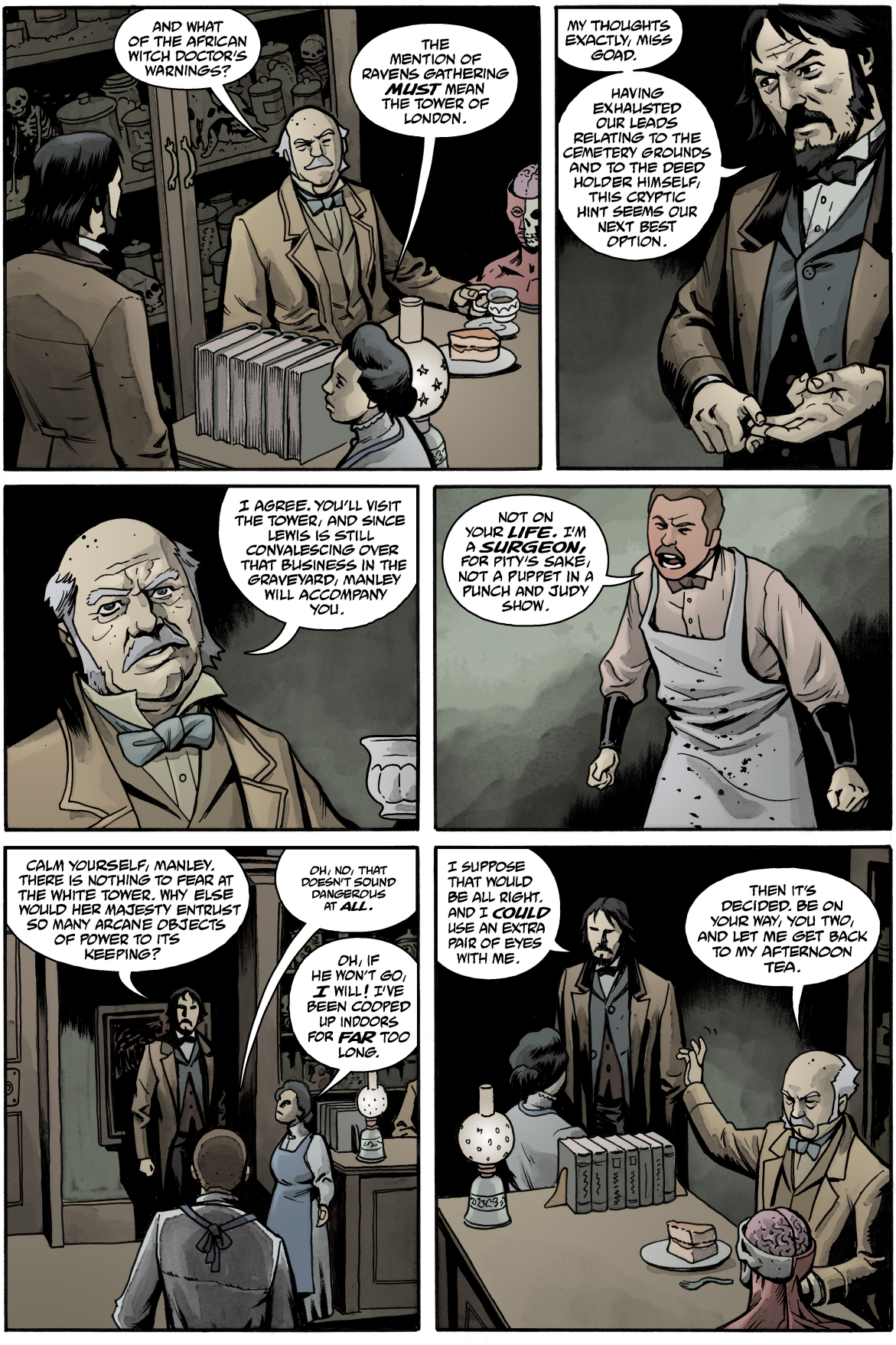
SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS POLICE HOSPITAL
SWEET

...AND THE SEARCH OF THE PREMISES FOUND NO USEFUL EVIDENCE, THE SERGEANT INFORMS ME.


THIS FRIEDHOF, OR GIURESCU, OR WHATEVER NAME HE CHOOSES, WOULD APPEAR TO HAVE GONE TO GROUND.
SO WE MUST FIND HIM BEFORE HE MAKES HIS NEXT MOVE.

I SAY AGAIN, THAT WE SEE BEFORE US PROOF OF THE EASTERN EUROPEAN LEGEND OF THE UPYR OR VAMPIR.
LIKE "VARNEY THE VAMPIRE" MADE FLESH!

ALL TOO REAL FLESH, GIVEN OUR ENCOUNTER IN THE LAMB STREET CEMETERY.
THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY...

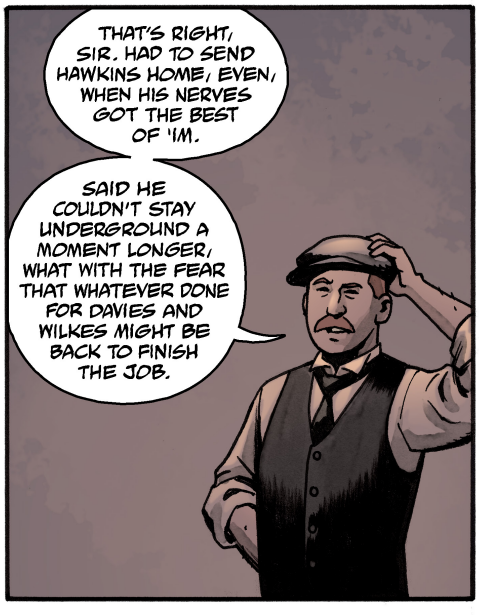

AND WHAT OF THE AFRICAN WITCH DOCTOR'S WARNINGS?
THE MENTION OF RAVENS GATHERING MUST MEAN THE TOWER OF LONDON.
MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, MISS GOAD.
HAVING EXHAUSTED OUR LEADS RELATING TO THE CEMETERY GROUNDS AND TO THE DEED HOLDER HIMSELF, THIS CRYPTIC HINT SEEMS OUR NEXT BEST OPTION.
I AGREE. YOU'LL VISIT THE TOWER, AND SINCE LEWIS IS STILL CONVALESCING OVER THAT BUSINESS IN THE GRAVEYARD, MANLEY WILL ACCOMPANY YOU.
NOT ON YOUR LIFE. I'M A SURGEON, FOR PITY'S SAKE, NOT A PUPPET IN A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.
CALM YOURSELF, MANLEY. THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR AT THE WHITE TOWER. WHY ELSE WOULD HER MAJESTY ENTRUST SO MANY ARCANE OBJECTS OF POWER TO ITS KEEPING?
OH, NO, THAT DOESN'T SOUND DANGEROUS AT ALL.
OH, IF HE WON'T GO, I WILL! I'VE BEEN COOPED UP INDOORS FOR FAR TOO LONG.
I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT. AND I COULD USE AN EXTRA PAIR OF EYES WITH ME.
THEN IT'S DECIDED. BE ON YOUR WAY, YOU TWO, AND LET ME GET BACK TO MY AFTERNOON TEA.

MYTHOLOGY IS SOMETHING OF A PASSION OF MINE, YOU KNOW.
THERE ARE LEGENDS WHICH LINK RAVENS WITH THE WHITE HILL BACK TO THE TIME OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS, EVEN BEFORE THE ROMANS, LONG BEFORE THE TOWER WAS BUILT.
THE *MABINOGION* RECOUNTS THAT THE SEVERED HEAD OF BRAN THE BLESSED WAS BURIED BENEATH THIS SPOT, AND AS I'M SURE YOU KNOW "BRAN" MEANS BOTH "KING" *AND* "RAVEN."
AND WHILE SOME INSIST THAT THE IDEA IS A MODERN INVENTION, I'VE READ FAR TOO MANY ACCOUNTS DATING BACK CENTURIES THAT MENTION A FLOCK OF RAVENS RESIDING HERE.
NOT "FLOCK," MISS GOAD.
"UNKINDNESS."

SO HAS THERE BEEN ANY-THING OUT OF THE ORDINARY THAT YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED?
ANY... UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES THAT MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT YOUR ATTENTION?
NO, SIR, I CAN'T SAY THAT THERE'VE BEEN ANY SUCH.
WE TAKE OUR DUTIES SERIOUSLY, SIR EDWARD. IF THERE HAD BEEN ANYTHING UNUSUAL AFOOT, WE'D HAVE SEEN IT.
COURSE, THINGS WOULD BE EASIER IF IT WASN'T FOR ALL THE DIGGING GOING ON, WORKMEN COMING AND GOING AT ALL HOURS.
"DIGGING"?
THAT SOUNDS PROMISING.

WAY OUT
TOWER OF LONDON

...AND YOU SAY THE TWO WORKMEN SIMPLY VANISHED?
NO ONE HAS SEEN OR HEARD FROM THEM SINCE?


THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. HAD TO SEND HAWKINS HOME, EVEN, WHEN HIS NERVES GOT THE BEST OF 'IM.
SAID HE COULDN'T STAY UNDERGROUND A MOMENT LONGER, WHAT WITH THE FEAR THAT WHATEVER DONE FOR DAVIES AND WILKES MIGHT BE BACK TO FINISH THE JOB.

SAID HE WAS SURE SOMETHING WAS BURIED DOWN HERE. SOMETHING BAD.

THIS IS IT. WE'RE PLANNING ON BRICKING IT UP BEFORE THE LINE OPENS, BUT HAVEN'T GOTTEN 'ROUND TO IT YET.
I'LL TELL YOU, I'M NOT TOO KEEN TO COME BACK DOWN HERE, MYSELF. NOT THAT I'M SUPERSTITIOUS, MIND YOU.
SO OLD. TO THINK THAT ALL OF THIS LAY BENEATH OUR FEET, ALL THE WHILE, AS WE WALKED ABOVE, UNAWARE.
LONDON HAS ALWAYS BEEN BUILT ATOP THE BONES OF THE PAST, MISS GOAD. THE CITY IS CONSTRUCTED ON CLAY AND SHIFTING SOIL THAT IS CONTINUALLY SUBSIDING INTO THE EARTH.
TODAY IS CARRIED ON THE BACKS OF COUNTLESS YESTERDAYS.
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE SOME OF THE THINGS WE'VE FOUND DOWN HERE, MISS. PLAGUE PITS, MASS BURIAL SITES.
ME DAD ONCE DUG UP THE BONES OF A BEAST HE SWORE'D BEEN A DRAGON IN LIFE.
BUT I FIGURE MUST'VE BEEN A DINOSAUR LIKE THEM STATUES OUT AT CRYSTAL PALACE.
ANYWAY, HERE IT IS. THE LAST PLACE ANYONE SAW WILKES AND DAVIES.

I'VE SEEN ETRUSCAN DESIGNS SIMILAR TO THIS. THERE ARE ECHOES OF GREEK AND EGYPTIAN MOTIFS, AS WELL.
AND THROUGHOUT, THE RECURRENT IMAGERY OF THE SERPENT, AND THE WOMAN. CERTAINLY ENOUGH MYTHOLOGICAL PRECEDENT FOR THAT.
A ROMAN MYSTERY CULT, PERHAPS, DATING BACK TO THE TIME OF LONDINIUM? OR A CELTIC TEMPLE WITH COINCIDENTALLY SIMILAR DESIGNS?
WOULD THAT I COULD COMPARE THE IMAGES TO THE AVAILABLE REFERENCE IN BETTER LIGHTING CONDITIONS.
AH, I THINK I HAVE JUST THE THING!
WAX PAPER LEFT OVER FROM A TRIP TO THE BUTCHER'S, AND A MARKING PENCIL.

NOW, MR. CAMPBELL, WAS IT?
IN THE TIME THAT ELAPSED BETWEEN THE LAST TIME YOUR WORKERS WERE SEEN AND THE MOMENT THEIR DISAPPEARANCE WAS DISCOVERED, WAS ANYTHING HEARD IN THE TUNNELS ABOVE?
BLESSED HARD TO HEAR MUCH OF ANYTHING UP THERE WHEN THE DIGGING WORKS ARE IN OPERATION.
BUT NO, NOTHING THAT I KNOW OF.
AN "EXTRA PAIR OF EYES," HE SAYS. MORE LIKE "AN EXTRA PAIR OF HANDS TO DO THE WORK HE DEIGNS NOT DO."
THEY CANNOT SIMPLY HAVE VANISHED.
EVEN IF SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL BEFELL THEM, THERE WOULD SURELY BE SOME EVIDENCE LEFT BEHIND.

TOO OFTEN IN RECENT DAYS HAVE I HEARD PORTENTS AND OMENS ABOUT THINGS BURIED BENEATH THE EARTH.
I CANNOT BUT THINK THAT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THESE TWO MEN IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO THE MATTER AT HAND.
THAT SHOULD JUST ABOUT DO IT. NOW TO--
OOOH!
SOME-THING THE MATTER, MISS GOAD?
BRING THAT LIGHT HERE, MR. CAMPBELL. QUICKLY, MAN.
OH, I WAS JUST STARTLED FOR A MOMENT.
BUT SEE? IT'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF.

JUST A SNAKE. HARMLESS, MOST LIKELY.
NOT LIKE ANY SNAKE I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. NOT FROM DOWN HERE, AT ANY RATE.
NO, MR. CAMPBELL, I HAZARD TO SAY THAT IT IS NOT FROM 'ROUND HERE, NOT BY A LONG CHALK.
STEP BEHIND ME, BOTH OF YOU, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
WHY? WHAT IS IT, SIR EDWARD?
YOUR SERPENTINE VISITOR HAS NOT COME ALONE.

HISSSS
SSSSSS
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOME-WHERE...

CHAPTER FOUR

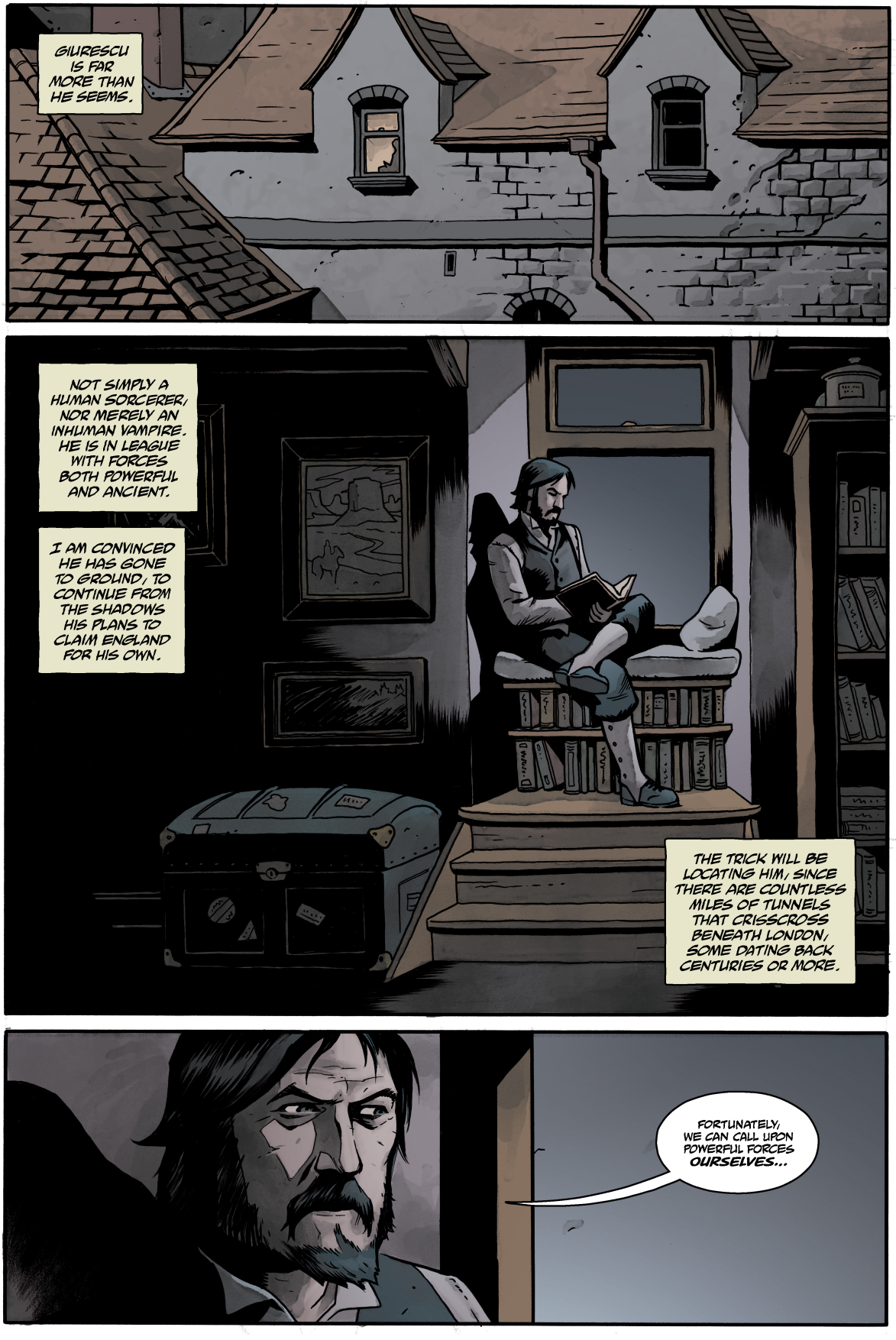
WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID ABOUT THERE BEING "NOTHING TO FEAR," SIR EDWARD?
I AM MISTAKEN ON RARE OCCASION, MISS GOAD.
LET'S JUST HOPE IT'S NOT FOR THE LAST TIME.

BLAM
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, AND QUICKLY.
NEEDN'T TELL ME TWICE.
IT'S...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. IT'S UNNATURAL.
THERE'S NO POINT GAWPING, MR. CAMPBELL. RUN!
BLAM
BLAM

QUICKLY, NOW! THERE ARE MORE OF THEM EACH PASSING MOMENT!
BLAM
N-NOT MUCH FARTHER...
TAKE THAT, YOU LITTLE BLEEDER!
WAK
LAST ROUNDS...
MADE IT, THANK GOD!
BLAM BLAM
RUMMMBLE
BLAM
WHAT'S THAT SOUND...?

RRUMMMMMMMMBBBBBLLLLLLLLLE
OH, MY...
CRACK
COME AWAY, MISS! IT'S GOING TO--
KRASSSH!

SIR EDWARD, WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
A HANDFUL OF SNAKES I MIGHT ACCEPT, BUT THAT WAS A COORDINATED ATTACK.
OF COURSE. I CAN'T SEE HOW YOU COULD DESCRIBE IT ANY OTHER WAY.
BUT ON THE CREDIT SIDE OF THE EQUATION, IT MEANS THAT OUR INVESTIGATIONS ARE GETTING SOMEWHERE, TO PROVOKE THAT KIND OF RESPONSE.
NEVER... NEVER SEEN THE LIKE...
SO WHAT NOW?
FOR NOW, I WISH TO GET BACK TO THE SURFACE.
I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF BEING UNDER-GROUND FOR ONE DAY.


GIURESCU IS FAR MORE THAN HE SEEMS.
NOT SIMPLY A HUMAN SORCERER, NOR MERELY AN INHUMAN VAMPIRE. HE IS IN LEAGUE WITH FORCES BOTH POWERFUL AND ANCIENT.
I AM CONVINCED HE HAS GONE TO GROUND, TO CONTINUE FROM THE SHADOWS HIS PLANS TO CLAIM ENGLAND FOR HIS OWN.
THE TRICK WILL BE LOCATING HIM, SINCE THERE ARE COUNTLESS MILES OF TUNNELS THAT CRISSCROSS BENEATH LONDON, SOME DATING BACK CENTURIES OR MORE.
FORTUNATELY, WE CAN CALL UPON POWERFUL FORCES *OURSELVES...*

NEW SCOTLAND YARD.
...AND I SPEAK WITH THE FULL AUTHORITY OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

I'M AFRAID I CANNOT BE SPECIFIC ABOUT THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CASE, SIMPLY THAT IT IS A MATTER OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE.
THIS INVESTIGATION MUST TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER ALL OTHER POLICE MATTERS.

YOUR ROYAL WARRANT IS OFFICIAL ENOUGH, SIR--YOU WON'T HEAR ME ARGUING AGAINST YOUR AUTHORITY.
BUT I'M BLOODY WELL BAFFLED BY THE CONDITIONS OF YOUR REQUEST. YOU CANNOT SERIOUSLY MEAN FOR MY MEN TO--

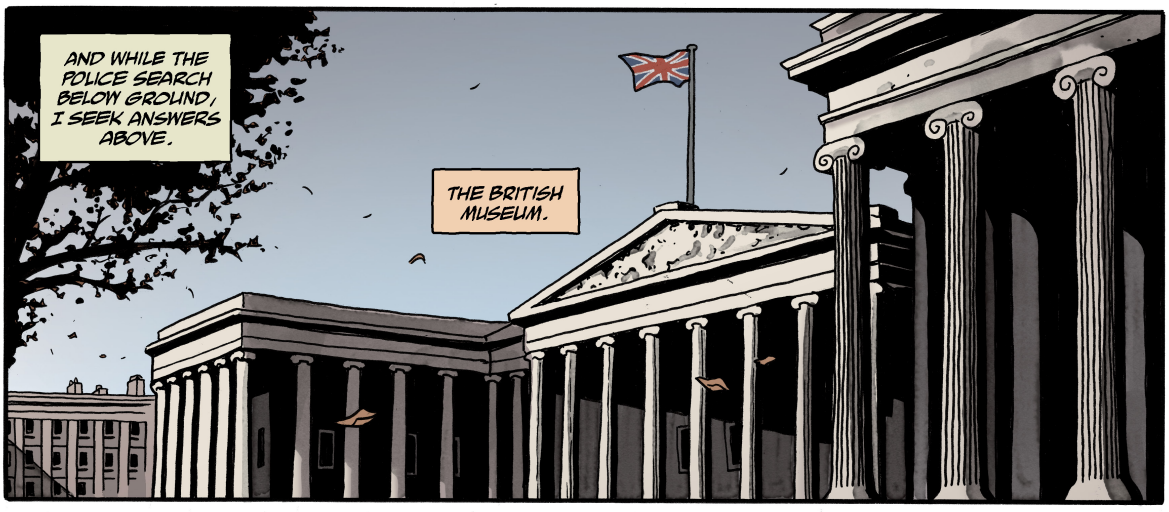
MY INSTRUCTIONS MIGHT SOUND UNUSUAL, I GRANT YOU, BUT THEY MUST BE FOLLOWED TO THE LETTER.
I KNOW HER MAJESTY APPRECIATES YOUR COOPERATION IN THIS MATTER.
ON MY ORDERS, THE METROPOLITAN POLICE ARE MOUNTING A FULL-SCALE MANHUNT IN THE CITY'S TUNNELS.

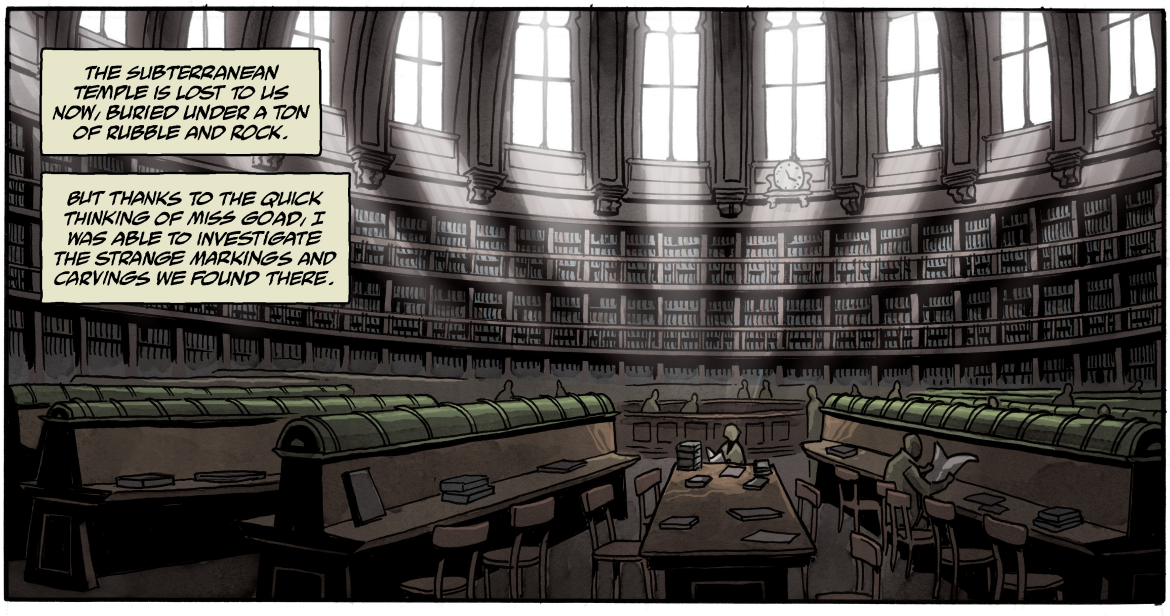
THE POLICE HAVE ONLY BEEN INFORMED THAT THEY ARE HUNTING A DANGEROUS FUGITIVE WHO HAS TAKEN REFUGE BELOW GROUND.
I SAW LITTLE TO BE GAINED IN PROVIDING MORE DETAIL THAN THAT.
EVERY AVAILABLE OFFICER HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE TASK FORCE.
AND THEY WILL BE SEARCHING AROUND THE CLOCK UNTIL GIURESCU IS LOCATED.
I HAVE GIVEN EXPLICIT ORDERS THAT THEY SHOULD NOT BOTHER TO USE THEIR FIREARMS, BUT INSTEAD SHOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH WOODEN STAKES AND SPEARS.
THE OFFICERS NO DOUBT THINK THE ORDERS THE HEIGHT OF LUNACY, BUT THEY HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO COMPLY.

AS I WRITE, THE POLICE SEARCH THE CITY'S SEWERS AND UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TUNNELS, EXPLORING ITS CRYPTS, BASEMENTS, AND VAULTS.
OF COURSE, THERE IS AN ENTIRE **POPULATION** OF VAGRANTS WHO MAKE THOSE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES THEIR HOME...

...AND CRIMINALS AND MALCONTENTS OF THE MUNDANE VARIETY WHO HAVE EVADED CAPTURE BEFORE NOW BY DESCENDING UNDERGROUND.
I UNDERSTAND THAT THE CITY'S JAIL CELLS ARE CROWDED WITH PICKPOCKETS AND CUTPURSES THAT HAVE BEEN ROUSTED IN THE COURSE OF THE SEARCH.

BUT THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGN OF GIURESCU, AFTER A WEEK OF SEARCHING.
HE **MUST** BE LOCATED, THOUGH. THE ALTERNATIVE IS UNTHINKABLE.

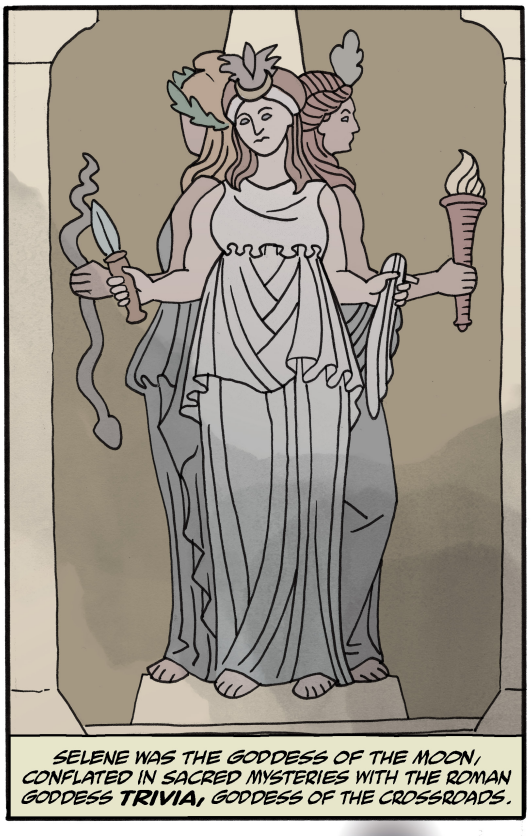

AND WHILE THE POLICE SEARCH BELOW GROUND, I SEEK ANSWERS ABOVE.
THE BRITISH MUSEUM.


THE SUBTERRANEAN TEMPLE IS LOST TO US NOW, BURIED UNDER A TON OF RUBBLE AND ROCK.
BUT THANKS TO THE QUICK THINKING OF MISS GOAD, I WAS ABLE TO INVESTIGATE THE STRANGE MARKINGS AND CARVINGS WE FOUND THERE.

I WAS SURE THAT I HAD SEEN THEM BEFORE...

AH, THERE IT IS.

SIMILAR DESIGNS ARE FOUND IN A MOSAIC RECOVERED FROM A TEMPLE TO SELENE, PRESERVED BENEATH THE ASH IN POMPEII IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.


SELENE WAS THE GODDESS OF THE MOON, CONFLATED IN SACRED MYSTERIES WITH THE ROMAN GODDESS **TRIVIA**, GODDESS OF THE CROSSROADS.

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT.

HECATE.

ASQITH RUBBING SAL
NORTONS PUB
FRENCH CURLS
The EMPIRE
A FAT CHILD IS A HEALTHY CHILD
BRINKS' TONIC
CONCERT
HYSTERIA
BIRDS

WITH THE POLICE ALL BELOW GROUND, THERE IS NO ONE LEFT TO MAINTAIN ORDER ABOVE.
BALDWINS NERVE TONIC
Pears' Soap
OI! THAT'S MY PURSE!
LYONS' CHICORY EXTRACT

WE MUST FIND GIURESCU AND SOON, OR WE WILL HAVE MORE TO WORRY ABOUT THAN--
SEANCE! WONDERFUL!
JUNIPER TEA
BLACKPOOL

Oh.

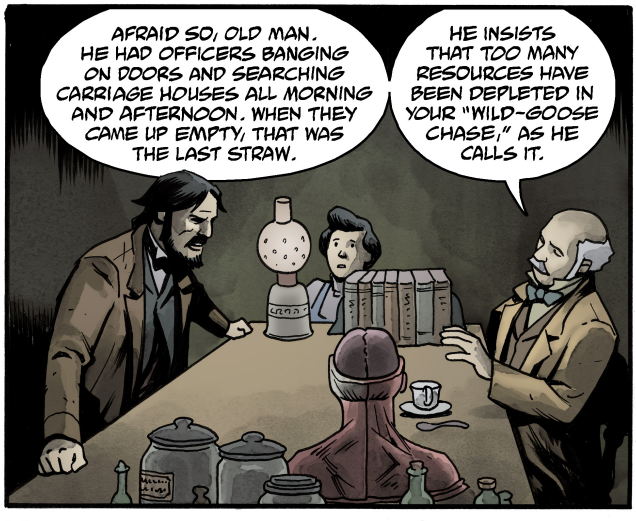
SKREEEE!
RADING COMPANY
D & HARRIS
SKREEEE
FWOOSH
BLAM

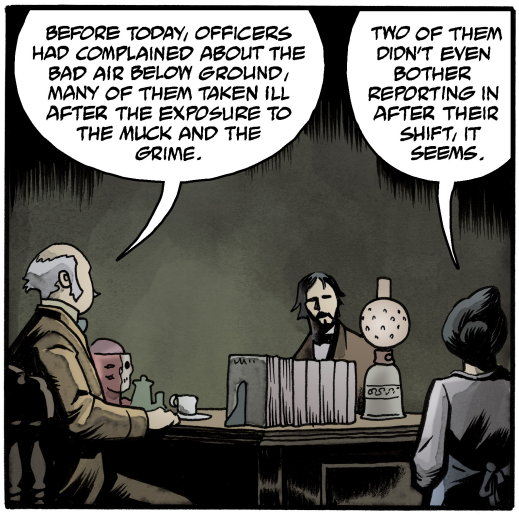
BLAM BLAM BLAM
SKREEEE
BLAM
EEEEEEEE
CLICK CLICK CLICK
FSSSSS

SSSSSSSSILVER SSSSSSTINGS, WITCHFINDER...
...BUT IT WILL ONLY... DELAY ME... NOT STOP ME.
GIURESCU.
THE SILVER DOES MORE THAN STING, I THINK. LET US END THIS, HERE AND NOW.
YOU >GRN< HAVE BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE LONG ENOUGH.
A THORN IN YOUR SIDE, OR A STAKE IN YOUR HEART?
LET US SEE HOW YOU FARE WITH SIX INCHES OF STOUT ENGLISH OAK THROUGH YOUR CHEST!

NO.
THERE ARE FORCES HERE BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION, LITTLE MAN.
WHATEVER YOU AND THAT WITCH GODDESS HAVE PLANNED, I WILL STOP YOU.
HAVE A CARE, WITCHFINDER. YOU HAVE A POWERFUL ENEMY IN ME, BUT YOU COURT DAMNATION BY TORMENTING MY MISTRESS. I WOULD SIMPLY KILL YOU...
...BUT SHE WOULD SHOW YOU THAT THERE ARE FATES FAR WORSE THAN DEATH--

...A VAMPIRE ABROAD IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, POSING AN IMMINENT THREAT TO THE DOMAIN. I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES LAST NIGHT, AND WOUNDED HIM IN THE ENCOUNTER.
MY SIMPLE REQUEST WAS THAT THE METROPOLITAN POLICE SEARCH THE AREA IN WHICH I ENCOUNTERED HIM, AS HE CANNOT HAVE GONE FAR.
NOW YOU TELL ME THE COMMISSIONER HAS CALLED OFF THE HUNT AFTER JUST ONE DAY?!

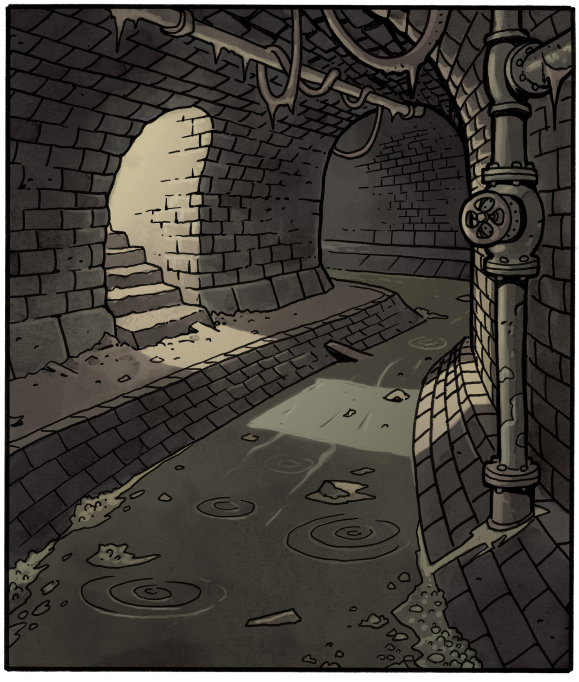

AFRAID SO, OLD MAN. HE HAD OFFICERS BANGING ON DOORS AND SEARCHING CARRIAGE HOUSES ALL MORNING AND AFTERNOON. WHEN THEY CAME UP EMPTY, THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW.
HE INSISTS THAT TOO MANY RESOURCES HAVE BEEN DEPLETED IN YOUR "WILD-GOOSE CHASE," AS HE CALLS IT.


BEFORE TODAY, OFFICERS HAD COMPLAINED ABOUT THE BAD AIR BELOW GROUND, MANY OF THEM TAKEN ILL AFTER THE EXPOSURE TO THE MUCK AND THE GRIME.
TWO OF THEM DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER REPORTING IN AFTER THEIR SHIFT, IT SEEMS.

DIDN'T REPORT IN AT ALL? NOT EVEN TO BE ADDED TO THE SICK ROLLS?
THE COMMISSIONER THINKS THEY JUST WANDERED OFF TO A PUB ALL DAY.

WHERE HAD THE OFFICERS BEEN SEARCHING WHEN LAST THEY REPORTED IN...?

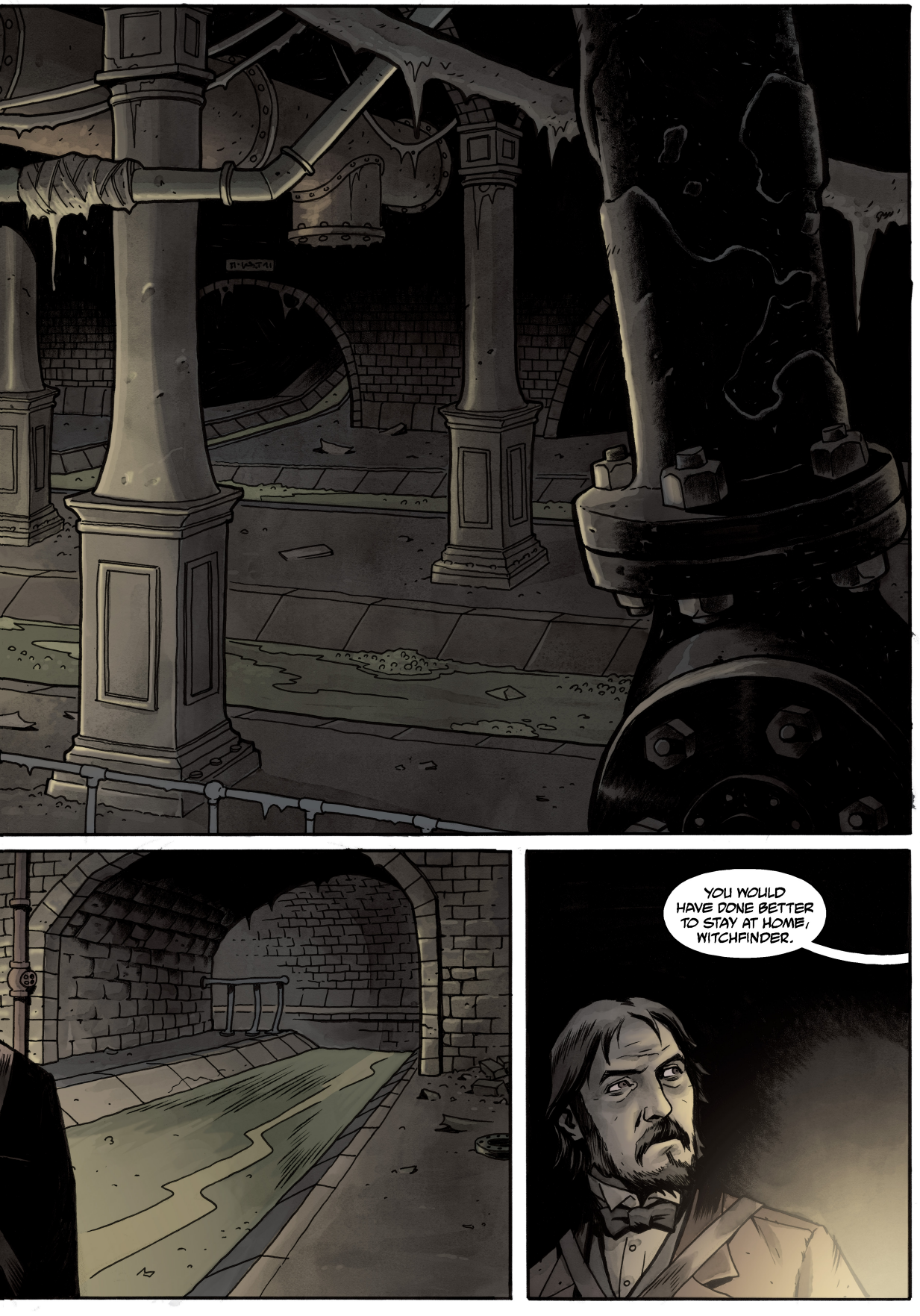
IT APPEARS THAT I NO LONGER HAVE THE RESOURCES OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE AT MY DISPOSAL.
BUT THE DANGER IS ALL TOO REAL, AND ALL TOO IMMINENT-- THAT MUCH I KNOW FOR CERTAIN.
AND SO I MUST TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.
I JUST PRAY THAT IT WILL SUFFICE.
SIR EDWARD? THE COOK WAS ASKING ABOUT YOUR PLANS FOR DINNER.
INFORM HER THAT SHE IS AT HER LIBERTY TONIGHT.
I HAVE OTHER PLANS. AND IF THEY DO NOT SUCCEED, SHE WON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT DINNER EVER AGAIN.
OH.



THAT SOUND AHEAD...?
RUSHING WATER?

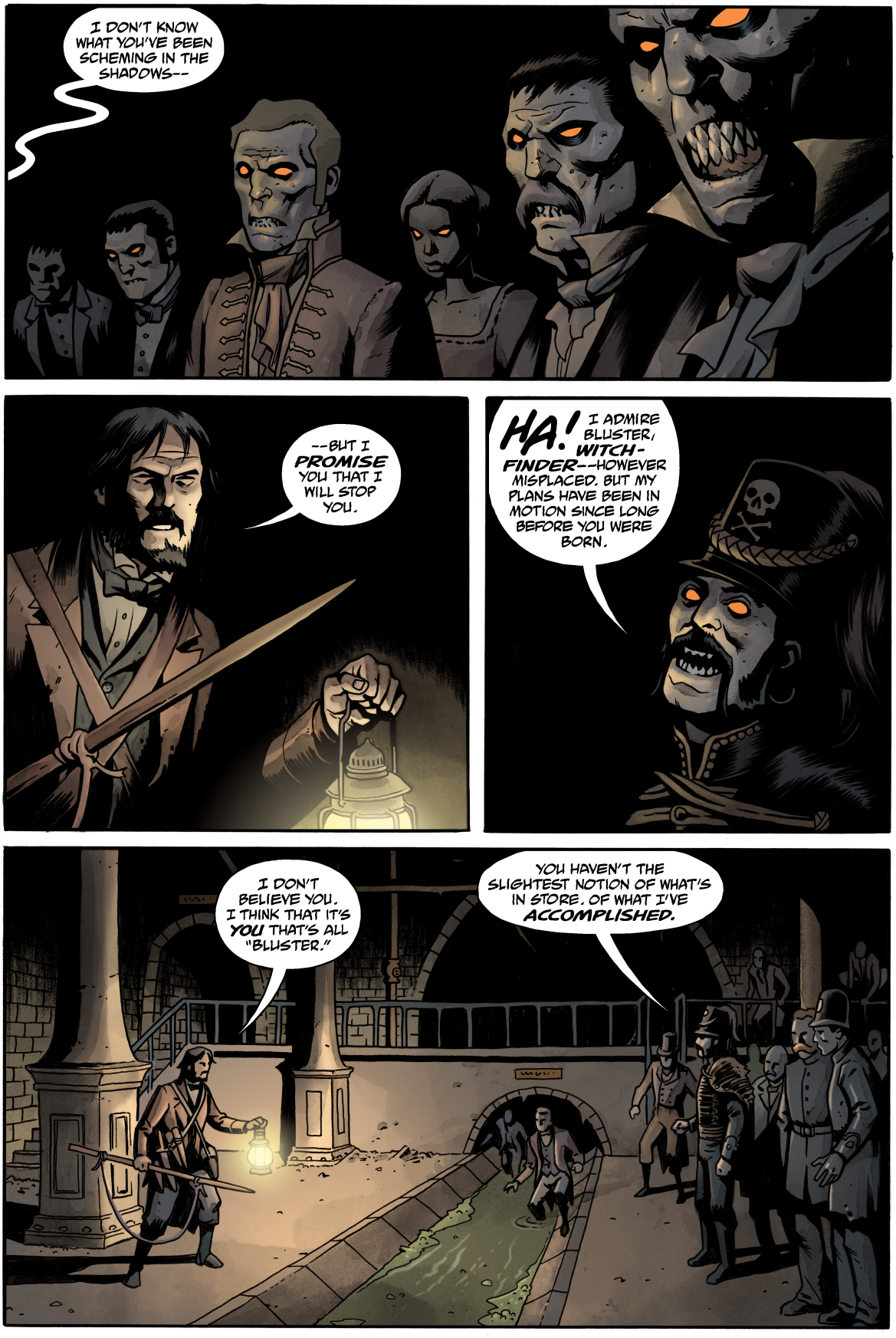
AH.

WHITECHAPEL
THE SEWER LINES CONVERGE, WHERE A BURIED RIVER STILL COURSES TOWARD THE SEA.
THIS SHOULD DO NICELY...


YOU WOULD HAVE DONE BETTER TO STAY AT HOME, WITCHFINDER.

THE END WOULD STILL HAVE COME FOR YOU, AS IT WILL FOR ALL YOUR KIND.
THAT MUCH IS INEVITABLE.
AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE SPENT WHAT LITTLE TIME REMAINS TO YOU IN RELATIVE COMFORT, LIKE THE REST OF THE DOCILE SHEEP ABOVE.
BUT NO, YOU HAD TO COME EAGERLY SEARCHING FOR YOUR DEATH. AND HERE YOU FIND IT...
...READY FOR YOU.

CHAPTER FIVE


I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SCHEMING IN THE SHADOWS--
--BUT I PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL STOP YOU.
HA! I ADMIRE BLUSTER, WITCH-FINDER--HOWEVER MISPLACED. BUT MY PLANS HAVE BEEN IN MOTION SINCE LONG BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU. I THINK THAT IT'S YOU THAT'S ALL "BLUSTER."
YOU HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST NOTION OF WHAT'S IN STORE. OF WHAT I'VE ACCOMPLISHED.

"MEN AND WOMEN WERE CHOSEN FROM THE RABBLE TO BE RAISED UP, MADE WOLVES AMONG THE SHEEP.

"THEY WERE NOT LOOSENED THEN, AND WERE INSTEAD HIDDEN AWAY, SLEEPING DREAMLESSLY BENEATH THE EARTH. BUT THE DAY APPROACHES WHEN THEY WILL BE WOKEN FROM THEIR SLUMBER.

"AND THEN THE AGE OF MEN WILL COME TO AN END AS THE WORLD IS SWEPT CLEAN WITH FIRE AND BLOOD, AND DARKNESS WILL FOREVER AFTER REIGN."

SO MANY YEARS SPENT IN PREPARATION, SO MANY PIECES CAREFULLY PUT IN PLACE...
AND THOUGH THE BULK OF MY ARMY SLUMBERS, I AM NOT THE ONLY ONE OF MY KIND TO GO ABROAD.
HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY HOPE TO WALK IN ALONE AND POSE ANY KIND OF THREAT?
YES, WELL... THAT'S WHY I NEEDED TO KEEP YOU TALKING FOR A MOMENT.
YOU SEE, I DID NOT COME ALONE.

SET LUMINOSITY TO MIDDAY SUN EQUIVALENCY.
CONFIRMED.
FFFFWWWW

ALDGATE
SSSSSS!
WWWAAA

MAD KING GEORGE DID A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL A CENTURY PAST, AND ALMOST DOOMED ALL OF ENGLAND FOR IT.
SO I WAS FORCED TO DEAL WITH OTHER DEVILS TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
KZZZZT
FULL CHARGE, STANDING BY!
FWASSSHH
THE HELIODIC BROTHERHOOD OF RA ARE NO FRIENDS OF MINE, BUT THEY HAVE NO MORE DESIRE TO SEE ENGLAND FALL TO A REIGN OF BLOOD THAN I DO.
ONE MAN OR ONE HUNDRED--IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! WE WILL NOT BE DEFEATED!
ATTACK, MY BROTHERS!

FIRE AT WILL!
ALDGATE
YOU, I WILL SEE TO PERSONALLY.
THEN STOP MAKING SPEECHES AND GET ON WITH IT.

KZZZZZZZZTT
AARRRRG!
DON'T LET UP! FINISH IT!
GRN!
STHUNK

THAT'S ONE DOWN! BUT THERE'S STILL MORE TO--
AIIIE!
CRUNCH
URK!
BITE THIS!
SPLOOT

WOK
CHUNK
HISS
NNN!
SWISH
GRUNT
BLAM
GAH!

MEDDLING FOOL! YOU ARE MERELY A MAN.
NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL MATTER IN THE END! YOU HAVE ALREADY LOST!
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT, IF I WERE YOU.
MY ARMY LIES BURIED AND READY!
I HAVE ONLY TO GIVE THE WORD AND--
AH, YES, BUT YOU SEE--
--YOUR ARMY ISN'T QUITE SO BIG AS YOU THINK, ANYMORE.

STHUNK
GRUESOME BUSINESS, THIS. BUT WITH ANY LUCK, WE'LL BE DONE WITH IT BY AFTERNOON TEA.
IT'S OVER, GIURESCU. YOU'RE FINISHED.
YOUR DREAM OF AN EMPIRE OF DARKNESS DIES TODAY.

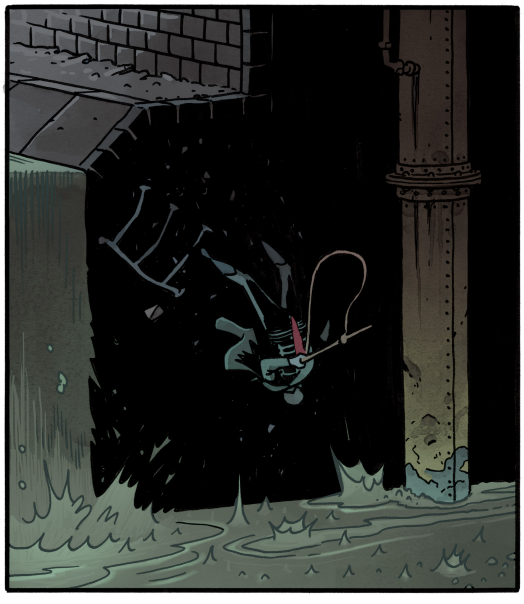
AAARR!
KILL YOU!
YOU LOSE WHAT LITTLE HUMANITY REMAINS TO YOU.
YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN AN ANIMAL. YOU'RE LESS THAN AN ANIMAL.
AND YOUR FOLLOWERS ARE FINISHED.
BAM

UNGH!
RRRRRRRRRR!
GRN!
SHUN
NKKK
URK!
UUUU
GRN
RRRRK
BUT...I...

I MAY BE "MERELY A MAN," GIURESCU...
I SHALL WILL...
...BUT I AM WELL PRACTICED IN PUTTING DOWN VERMIN AND PESTS, MUNDANE OR OTHER-WISE.

THE SUN WILL NEVER SET ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
DARKNESS WILL NEVER REIGN.
I...

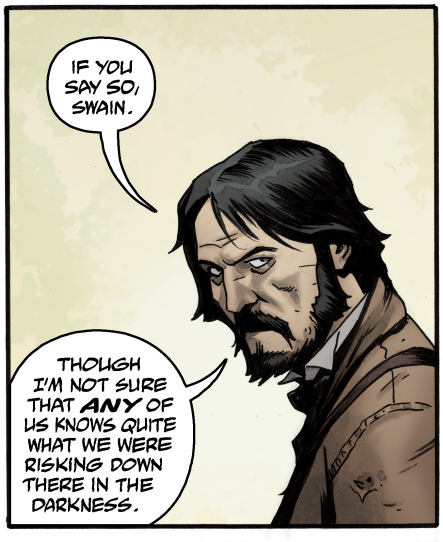
I...



SPLASH

I THINK THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM.
NONE LEFT STANDING?
NO.
WE PAID A HEAVY PRICE, GREY, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.
I HOPE SO, FOR ALL OUR SAKES.

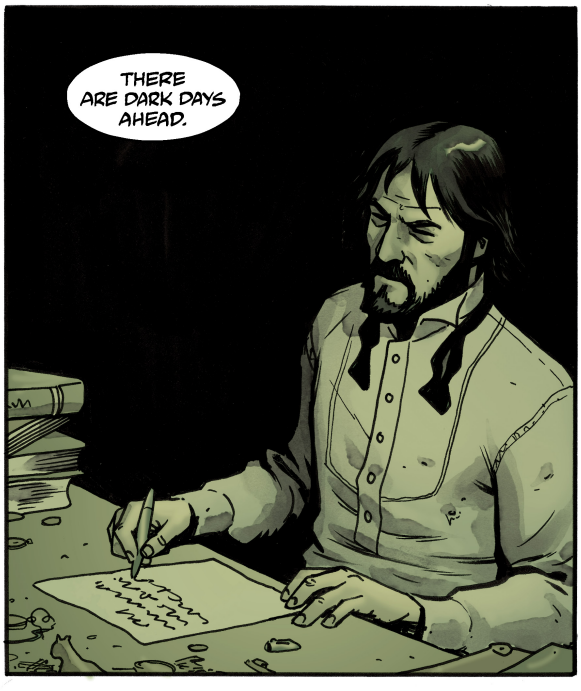
FROM ALL REPORTS, IT SOUNDS AS THOUGH THE OPERATION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS.
SEVERAL GOOD MEN WERE LOST, BUT THEY ACCEPTED THE RISKS WILLINGLY.


IF YOU SAY SO, SWAIN.
THOUGH I'M NOT SURE THAT ANY OF US KNOWS QUITE WHAT WE WERE RISKING DOWN THERE IN THE DARKNESS.

WELL, THAT'S WHY THE BROTHERHOOD EXISTS, GREY. TO SHINE A LIGHT INTO DARK PLACES.
PERHAPS NOW THAT WE'RE ON BETTER FOOTING, YOU MIGHT CONSIDER JOINING OUR NUMBER? WE COULD USE A MAN OF YOUR EXPERIENCE.

DO NOT MISTAKE PRAGMATIC NECESSITY FOR A CHANGE OF HEART. THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY IS NOT MY FRIEND, THOUGH WE MIGHT MOMENTARILY FIND COMMON CAUSE.
TODAY DOES NOT ABSOLVE ANY OF THE SINS YOU HAVE COMMITTED IN THE PAST, OR ANY YOU MIGHT COMMIT IN THE FUTURE. IN THE END, I WILL HOLD YOU TO ACCOUNT.
IN THE FUTURE, THE END WILL BE MERELY THE BEGINNING.
ANCIENT MONSTERS THAT YET SLUMBER BENEATH THE EARTH WILL WAKEN AND THE SUN WILL SET ON THE DAY OF MAN.
THERE WILL BE DEATH, AND FIRE, AND BLOOD.
AND THE WORKS OF MAN WILL BE WIPED AWAY. LARZOD HAS SHOWN ME.
BUT MAN'S FUTURE LIES BENEATH THE EARTH, AS WELL.
WE MUST GO UNDER-GROUND IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE...

ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
NO, THANK YOU, BAILEY. THAT WILL BE ALL. THOUGH IN THE MORNING I'LL HAVE ANOTHER LETTER FOR YOU TO DELIVER TO THE QUEEN.


THERE ARE DARK DAYS AHEAD.

OH. IT'S YOU.

DARKER DAYS THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE, ENGLISHMAN.
OH, SPLENDID.
TODAY YOU PUSHED BACK THE DARKNESS, FOR A TIME.
BUT THE END CAN ONLY BE POSTPONED, NOT AVOIDED.
LISTEN, OLD MAN, YOUR COUNSEL WAS USEFUL, I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT.
BUT MUST YOUR EVERY UTTERANCE BE SO CRYPTIC? SPEAK PLAINLY FOR ONCE.
WHY DID YOU INSIST THAT I WAS THE ONLY ONE CAPABLE OF STOPPING GIURESCU?

IT ISN'T A MATTER OF BEING CAPABLE.
I SAID THAT YOU MUST BE THE ONE TO PREVENT THE GREAT EVIL FROM AWAKENING.
THERE WAS A LESSON FOR YOU TO LEARN. ONE THAT YOU WILL NEED IN THE COMING DAYS.
TOK
UHN?

THE GODDESS SLEEPS, BUT STIRS IN HER SLUMBER.
WHEN SHE WAKES, DARKNESS REIGNS.
THE END

WITCHFINDER™

SKETCHBOOK

Notes by Julián Totino-Tedesco and Ben Stenbeck

Julián Totino-Tedesco: One of the things that I love the most about doing covers for *Witchfinder* is that I get the chance to work with more somber moods than what I'm used to when doing superhero covers and such. If it were just for me, I'd go crazy dark, but it's still a comic book cover, and it's got to be catchy (And I say this in a good way, of course!).

The cover sketch on the next page was my favorite. It has a kind of Victorian vibe that I really liked, but I had to admit that the first sketch was more suitable as a cover. I would later take a more minimalistic approach for the rest of the covers.

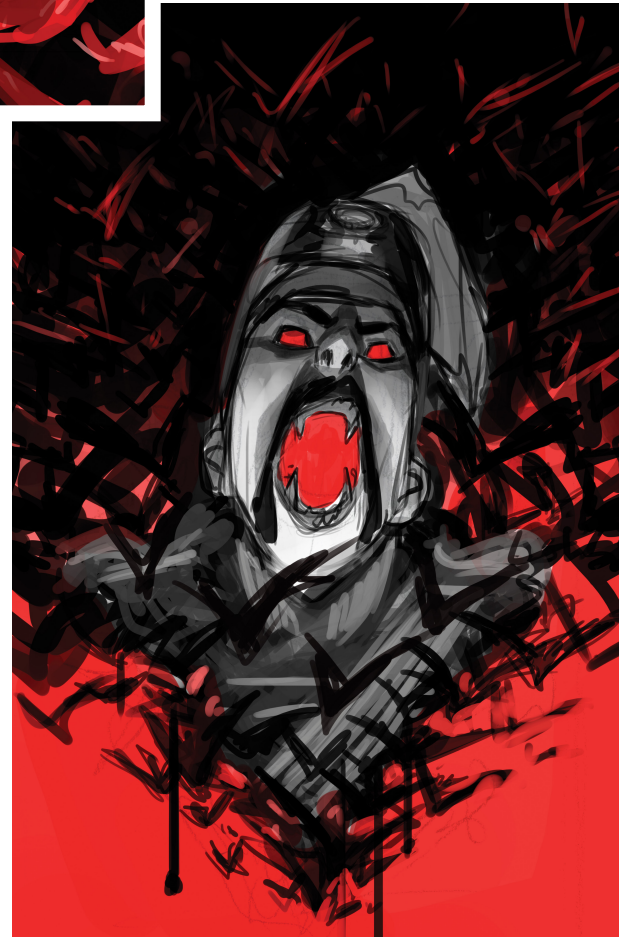
***Second page following:* Pencils for the issue #1 cover.**

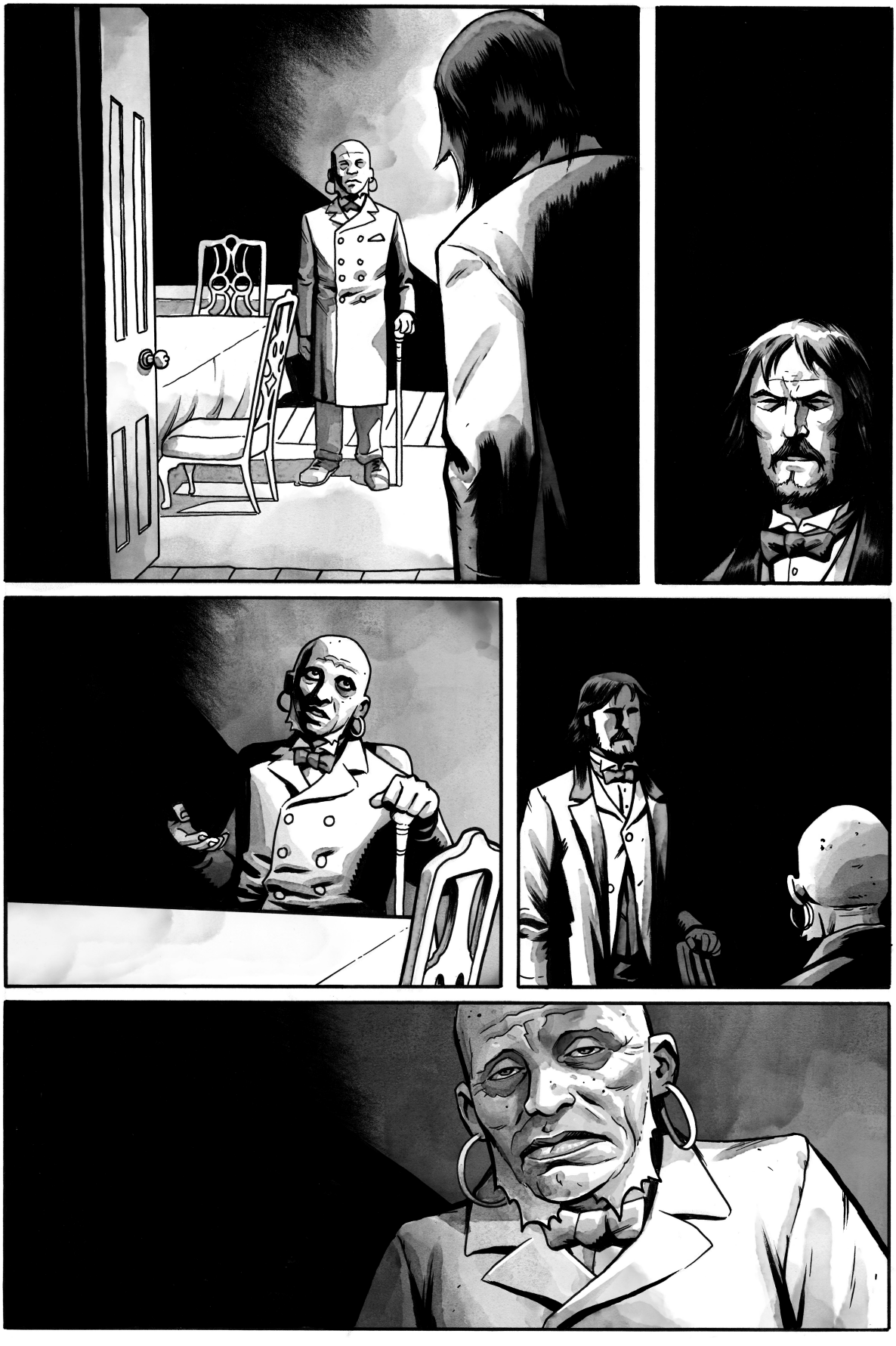
I was sad that the second sketch for issue #2 (*facing, bottom*) wasn't chosen. I really liked that one. As I said, I opted for very simple and direct compositions for the covers. (I have a soft spot for minimalism, but I'm always concerned that people might think I'm lazy.) The cover for issue #4 (*sketches above*) turned out to be one of my favorite covers ever. I'm rarely happy with a cover, but I loved that one.

Sketches for the issue #5 cover.

Ben Stenbeck: This was the cover (*facing*) for the short story "Beware the Ape" (collected in *Witchfinder* Vol. 3). This is one of my favorite covers I've done. And of course Dave Stewart's colors really make it work.

When I first started out I was going to be a "grey-tone comic-art guy," but people told me I'd never get work because it takes too long. So I gave up on that. Then when I was asked to draw this story, I thought, Well, if they let Tyler use grey tone for the previous volume, I'm just gonna go ahead and do it too. I was really out of practice working with grey tone—I think I only got it to start working somewhere around issue #4. But it was fun to do. I did experiments with watercolor and special paper, but in the end opted for a digital watercolor brush. That was very fast, only took about an hour or two for each page. (*See following pages.*)





Flesh-eating corpses and an ancient temple discovered beneath London lead authorities to call upon Edward Grey, Queen Victoria's official occult investigator. But the sinister Heliopic Brotherhood of Ra also has interests in the underground ruins, leading to a citywide showdown with one of the greatest villains of the *Hellboy* saga.

"Fun, atmospheric, slow building and tense . . . You can almost smell the dusty old paper of forgotten libraries and hear the sharp whistle of London wind." —All-Comic

"The . . . script, bolstered by the classically inspired pencils of Ben Stenbeck and the strongly in tone colors of Michelle Madsen, culminates in an experience tailor made for comic fans of all stripe. If it's your first Mignolaverse comic or even your hundredth, Witchfinder: City of the Dead *. . . is a ghoulishly fun read." —Newsarama*

DARK HORSE BOOKS
LILLIPUT